

THE Far EAST



MARCH, 1931

ST. COLUMBANS?

AIM AND PURPOSE

St. Columbans is the American Headquarters of the Society of St. Columban, a Missionary Society of Secular Priests, organized especially for the missions of China and the Far East. It was founded in 1918 with the approval and blessing of Pope Benedict XV.

PONTIFICAL SOCIETY

On June 5, 1925, His Holiness Pope Pius XI raised it to the rank of a Pontifical Society and made it directly responsible to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda under the Canonical Title "Societas Sancti Columbani pro Missionibus apud Sinenses."

LEGAL STATUS

The Society of St. Columban is incorporated in the United States under the laws both of Nebraska and New York, where its houses are established. Its Legal Title is THE CHINESE MISSION SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN. This is the proper title to use in drawing WILLS and other legal instruments.

PERSONNEL TRAINING

At the end of 1930 the Society numbered 143 priests and 210 students. It has two seminaries in the United States for training its priests,—a Junior Seminary at Silver Creek, N. Y., and a Higher Seminary at St. Columbans, Nebr. It has seminaries also in Ireland, Australia, and China. To date the Society has been responsible for ordaining 118 priests.

MISSIONARY RECORD

The Society of St. Columban conducts extensive missions in the Provinces of Hupeh and Kiangsi, China, and in the Philippine Islands. Its Procure in the Far East is at Shanghai. At present it has 60 priests directing various branches of missionary activity in foreign fields. Since its foundation eight of its missionaries have made the Supreme Sacrifice. Five of them died in China.

WAYS AND MEANS

In fulfillment of the special work entrusted to it by the Vicar of Christ, the Society of St. Columban, in addition to training its priests, supports them in the Field, builds them churches and schools, and maintains their parishes. It also supplies means for the support of all other branches of the Missionary Apostolate within its jurisdiction.

SOURCE OF SUPPLY

This organization of approximately 500 active workers, including priests, sisters, brothers, students, lay auxiliaries, native teachers and catechists, depends entirely on charity for its support. Without the DONATIONS OF OUR FRIENDS SENT US DIRECTLY THROUGH THE MAIL we could accomplish nothing. All donations big or little are appreciated and receive a personal acknowledgment.

SPIRITUAL BENEFITS

All Benefactors share in 2,500 Masses offered for them by the Priests of the Society during each year in perpetuity. They are remembered in special community prayers offered for their welfare in all our houses, and they share as well in the prayers and sacrifices of the whole Society and particularly in the Apostolic Benediction granted by our Holy Father.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XI
GRANTS THE
APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION
TO EACH BENEFACTOR
OF THE
SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN

ST. COLUMBANS



Correspondence may be addressed, and checks made payable, to

VERY REV. E. J. McCARTHY, Superior
ST. COLUMBANS
NEBRASKA

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
A
REJECTED
VOCATION



"AND Jesus, looking on him, loved him and said to him: 'One thing is wanting unto thee. Go, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor: and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. And come, follow Me.'

"Who being struck sad at the saying, went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions.

"And Jesus looking round about, saith to His disciples: 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!'"

—MARK X, 21-23.

Boys!

If you have a vocation to the missionary priesthood, the Society of St. Columban will give you the opportunity that you need . . . FREE SCHOLARSHIPS are available for suitable candidates.

The best time to begin preparation for the priesthood is immediately after Eighth Grade. You thus save time and safeguard your vocation . . . Vacancies for well-recommended boys under twenty years of age will occur next September in St. Columban's Preparatory Seminary, Silver Creek, N. Y. Application should be made NOW.

"And Jesus said to them: '. . . Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My Name's sake, shall receive a hundred-fold and shall possess life everlasting.'"—MATT. XIX, 29.

For information
write to

The Very Rev. MICHAEL J. TREANOR
Rector
St. Columban's Preparatory Seminary
Silver Creek, N. Y.

The Test

*By the REV. JOHN HENEGHAN,
Missionary of St. Columban*

IN a real sense, nothing mattered to Christ except souls, neither the kingdoms of this earth nor the glory of them. This kingdom of God in the hearts of men was the all-consuming idea of His life. Underneath the Cross we all may learn, remembering who the Victim is, what sin is, what a soul has cost Him, what yearning is in the broken cry from the parched lips: "I thirst!"

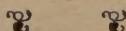
To contemplate the Passion in its fullness is like peering over a fathomless abyss where mystery crowds on mystery, Infinite Love contends with Infinite Justice; but the darkest mystery of all is that we, Catholics, who have known Him in the intimacy of the Sacraments, can be so mean and cowardly in our response to that dying Figure on the Cross.

If this will not move us, what further appeal can touch us, what loyalty may stir us for the future? If we forget Him now as He pleads for the souls of countless pagans, if we forget that quivering body hung on a Cross against the sky-line, then the best that is in us is dead, and our faith is but a poor affair indeed. The hardest and bitterest draught of the chalice was the thought that for many His blood would be shed in vain. Remember that in the world today there are a thousand million souls who do not know that their Saviour has redeemed them. Could such be the result if Catholics realized that their first duty was the extension of His Life and work, if every heart who knew Him, if everyone who called Him by His name, were consumed with zeal for His cause?



CHRIST has gone to the limit of pain and of shame to show His love. His work is finished, but we have ours to do. We must fill up what is wanting in the Passion of Christ. We must strive, must work, must pray, must make sacrifices, as far as in us lies, to increase His reign. This truth applies not only to the rulers of the Church, to priests and religious, but to every single person who signs himself in the Name of Christ. However much we may try to forget this duty in our occupations, or in our pleasures, Calvary will always remain a truth to be faced in the honesty of our souls, a fact as certain as our very existence or the death we have to die.

"I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat; I was thirsty and you gave Me not to drink . . . naked and you clothed Me not." The people in the pagan lands are hungry and naked and in prison because they know not Christ, the Giver of life.



THE thought of Calvary should be not a stray thought, but an abiding truth in our lives, a place of refuge, an ever-present spur to action in His service. How can we stand with idle hands beside

Him Whom we have crucified, as we see that restless, throbbing, unhappy mass of human beings still exiled from His love. . . Ten thousand souls die daily in China, die as if nobody cared, as if Christ had never died for them! Take this extract from a missionary's letter:

"Dear God, the poor, poor people, the poverty-stricken, patient people, who seem to move in a stupor that has banished all hope! In the dark hovels which are their homes, there is nothing to lighten the burden of this constant poverty; no knee is ever bent to God; no little child is ever taught to join its tiny hands together for any sweet prayer. I can compare China only to an old man who has lived beyond his day, one so old and sad that there is nothing he can do now but just continue to exist; his body and soul are tired. . ."



AND while these conditions exist, how many Catholics at home take the gifts of God for granted, and within the barriers of selfishness and thoughtlessness live out their narrow lives? There were no boundaries to Christ's love; there were no souls excluded from that embrace on the Cross.

Even today, as we assist at Mass, how many of us think of those thousand million souls, each soul a human being, as human as ourselves, heavily laden and groping blindly for light? O God, they need Your Christ as much as we. He died for all. There is no one to tell them of the shedding of Blood which wiped out all sin, to preach to them the Christ who would console them in their sorrow. . . In China the suffering people carry a meritless cross upon their tired shoulders.



NO Catholic who hopes for salvation dare say: "What is all this to me?" There is no escaping from our clear duty in this matter. We must one day answer for the gifts He gave us. He is our God, our Redeemer. We owe Him all we have in time and eternity; for the crimes we have committed we owe Him reparation, too. "Let us love God because He first loved us."



TO pray for the missions, to help on work for the missions, is the surest way of showing that we care, the biggest act of atonement we can offer. Everyone who goes down with Him to the depths of His passion must rise determined to serve Him more in these days at hand when there is a loud cry from the pagan lands for help.

In a word, your zeal in this cause will be a measuring rule of your love for Christ. How much does He really mean to you?

THE FAR EAST

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No. 3

They Have Kept the Faith

By the

REV. MICHAEL J.
MCHUGH



Parishioners and priests grouped around one of the churches in Hanyang Vicariate

Looking Back at the Troubled Days of 1927 in China, Father McHugh Recalls Some Inspiring Examples of Faith and Fortitude in the Native Catholics.

DURING the persecution of the Catholic Church in China in 1927, the communists did everything in their power to inspire the people in the large towns and cities and even in remote country villages, with a great hatred of Catholics, Catholic missionaries and all foreigners.

Posters were displayed in the most prominent places in the large cities, denouncing Catholics and foreigners, and the native Chinese press was also strongly anti-Christian and anti-foreign during the period.

Losses

In the circumstances, it was not surprising that many Catholic churches and mission stations were burned or wrecked and that missionaries were ill-treated, some being put to death.

The Chinese Catholics were threatened with having their houses burned and with being summarily shot if they did not abandon the Catholic Faith. Some of the newly-baptized, through fear, hid or destroyed the Catholic tablets in their homes, put up pagan ones in their places, and pasted pictures of Buddha on their front doors. This was equivalent

to a public denial of the Faith and entailed the penalty of excommunication.

Victories

The "old" Catholics, however, remained steadfast despite all these threats. In some places they armed themselves with every available weapon and were prepared to defend their churches and homes against the infuriated pagan mobs. This happened in some mission districts in the Hanyang Vicariate. The people of the village of Chi-Wu-Tai, for instance, made a noble stand for the Faith in that crisis.

CHI-WU-TAI has a population of about two hundred and has been Catholic for eight or ten generations. There is a very good mission establishment here, consisting of church, priests' residence, a boys' school and a catechumenate for women.

Superstitious Foes

The pagans were very displeased when these buildings were being erected and did their utmost to discourage the

project. The pastor of Chi-Wu-Tai paid no attention to them, however. The pagans believe that a high tower, or in fact any high building, exerts a powerful adverse influence on the gods of wind and water, who control the four winds and the rain and dew. They even claim that they have had no luck in crops, cattle or bargaining, since the mission tower and spire were built.

Opposition Skyscraping

Having failed in their efforts to prevent the building of the tower and church spire, they collected money and

lic mission stations and the priests and people connected with them.

Catholic Minute-Men

Preparations were accordingly made by the pagans to attack the village of Chi-Wu-Tai with the object of demolishing the Catholic church and, in particular, razing the tower and spire to the ground. For weeks they were holding meetings and perfecting their plans for the assault. The Catholics were terrified, but at the same time they were determined to defend their church and homes to the bitter end. They were very few in number compared with the pagans, but they had



Some Catholics of Sung-Ho

"In Sung-Ho district a Catholic family named Ju made a glorious stand . . ."

procured bricks and lime. They then set about building an opposition tower, thinking in this way to placate the gods and thus prevent their luck from leaving them.

The Catholic tower was completed before the pagan one and, moreover, it is much higher. So the pagans of the district still imagine that they have a great grievance against the Catholics. They say that they are suffering great losses annually because of their Catholic neighbors. No matter what misfortune or disappointment comes, they blame the Catholic tower and spire for it.

THE persecution of 1927 was welcomed by these pagans of Chi-Wu-Tai. They saw in it the longed-for opportunity of removing their grievance and of teaching the Catholics the lesson that pagan superstitions must be observed. When the persecution was in full blast and the poor illiterate people, misled by lying propaganda, were filled with hatred for the Catholics, it was very easy to get crowds of volunteers to attack Catho-

strong faith and were praying and hoping for supernatural aid.

Pastors in Peril

Father Timothy Leonard, slain in Kienchang in 1929, and Father Gerald O'Collins were stationed at Chi-Wu-Tai at the time. They were in great danger and were advised to flee. But they made up their minds to stand by their people no matter what happened. It was very fortunate that they did remain. Otherwise their mission station would almost certainly have been burned, and probably many of the Catholics would have been murdered.

Helpful Dame Rumor

When all preparations had been completed for the attack on the church property, the pagans heard some disquieting rumors. It was reported that the Catholics had fortified the church tower and more dreadful still, that Father Leonard had an electric gun of unlimited range and capable of mowing down thousands of people in the twinkling of an eye! (If there

were any fire-arms at all in the mission at the time, they were probably no more than a fowling-piece that occasionally brought a wild-duck to the missionaries' dinner table.) But the rumor about the deadly gun spread like wild-fire for miles and miles. It instilled great fear into the hearts of the pagans, who not only abandoned the idea of attacking the Catholics but for months afterwards lived in fear and trembling lest this monster gun should be set in motion and deal death and destruction to them all.

I do not know how the rumor originated but it was told to me in all seriousness by the people of Tsao-Shih, in the summer of 1928, a year after the event. They honestly believe that were it not for the fabulous electric gun (which they still think was a reality), the Chi-Wu-Tai mission would have been completely destroyed.

IN Sung-Ho district a Catholic family named Ju made a glorious stand for the Faith in 1927.

Faith of Their Fathers

Their father and uncle had been murdered by pagans during a previous persecution. They were killed because they would not abandon the Catholic religion. There were still seven members of the family left, and these were now threatened with the same fate unless they would apostatize. But they paid no attention to these threats and made no attempt to conceal the fact that they were Catholics.

It was not long until their faith and constancy were put to a test. The pagans organized a procession in honor of a dragon god. All the people in the district through which the procession was to pass were expected to hang a lighted lantern outside their homes and to burn fire-crackers in honor of the god. But the Ju family absolutely refused to take any part in this pagan ceremony. They were prepared to follow the example of their martyred dead and if needs be, die for the Faith.

Challenge

When the pagan procession arrived at the village where the Ju family lived, it was soon discovered that the one and only Catholic family in the village had ignored the order to light a lantern or candle in honor of the god whose feast the pagans were celebrating. The pagans became indignant on making this discovery and again threatened the family with death unless they worshipped the dragon. Again the seven Catholics refused. It was a tense and critical moment.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Missionary Sisters of St. Columban



The Sisters of St. Columban, with the women and girls of their catechumene in Hanyang, China

The Second and Concluding Installment of the Story Thus Far of a New Missionary Sisterhood.

WHEN the Society of St. Columban moved its headquarters from Galway to Navan, about thirty miles from Dublin, in the summer of 1927, the junior students at Cahircion were transferred to Dalgan Park and the college became the Sisters' convent. It was always a beautiful place, for the landlords who owned it formerly made it beautiful—as other Irish landlords also did—at the expense of the sweat and bitter poverty of their tenants. Down by the cliffs you can still see a few broken walls of the old stone shelter where their homeless victims waited for the sailing ships that came up the Shannon to bring them away to America. Mysterious Providence!

But now the students had sanctified the place with their work and prayers and had given even to its appearance a religious atmosphere. There was the Calvary, with rustic steps leading to it, on the hill behind the house, and the shrine of Our Lady in the woods, and the summerhouse beside the shore where the Sacred Heart was enthroned. Work went on as before in the new convent. Receptions became more frequent and the community kept on growing.

China's Revolution

In the meantime there were anxious days in China. Revolution had broken out in the south, backed by Russian Communists, and it was sweeping northwards. Hanyang was in its line. The peace that looked so favorable ten years before was broken, but rarely ever, indeed, has the Gospel been preached to a world at peace. On April 11, 1927, Father John O'Leary, then Superior of St. Columban's Mission in China wrote: "The Sisters have gone to Shanghai. For a couple of weeks they have been the burning question in Hanyang. The consuls ordered them out. On the other hand, Eugene Chen wanted them to stay by all means, and assured us that they would be

safe. . . ." Chen was the Chinese Minister of Foreign Affairs, well known to be friendly to the Columban missionaries. The American consul, however, forced the issue. He was interested particularly in those of the Loretto Sisters who were American citizens and threatened that unless they left Hanyang, he would send American marines to fetch them. That would be too amusing a thing to happen in a time so serious.

"A Lonely Band"

"They were a very lonely band leaving Hankow and they were certainly very reluctant to go," we read, further on. They were hurried away, for, to make things worse, the coolies on the river and the wharves threatened to strike, a fact that the Sisters were not aware of at the time. Yet they had time to observe things on the streets. They could not help it, indeed, for there are so many things to observe on the streets in China—things, too, that sensitive people would prefer not to see. "How sad it was," writes one of them, "to ride down main street in our rickshaws and see the busy, teeming population all intent on their business. The old banker with his 'nanny-goat' beard and his scales to weigh the silver ounces, the quack doctor with 'slugs and snails and puppy dog's tails,' decaying vegetables and other filthy *materia medica*; the tea houses with their queer figures sitting at little polished lacquered tables sipping their pots of tea and poring over their Chinese games of chess. . . The fish lay in baskets and boxes by the side of the road; men sat in chairs being shaved; women washing their babes; such a medley of people jostling one another on the road. It was just the same as the day we came, and now we are going away. Would any single soul be the better for our coming. Not a word was said as we passed down—no one interested as to whether we came or went." They had been there only a few months—from November to April.

Refugees

They traveled down the Yangtze on board the *Kungwo* and this was part of its burden: "There are seventy Prot-



The First Sisters of St. Columban in China, November 1926

Left to right: Mother M. Théophane, Sister M. Agnes, Mother M. Finbarr, Sister M. Lelia, Sister M. Patrick, Sister M. Philomena

estant missionaries, including a bishop, also a great number of commercial people who have been obliged to abandon all their interests and property. There are heavy hearts on the *Kungwo*. . . We have one cabin with four beds, and we share another cabin with two of the Loretto Sisters, who also have a four-berth cabin. Some of the Sisters have seen rats on board, but I have seen nothing worse than cockroaches. The first night, in opening my suitcase, I found a very lively cockroach inside. One Sister said they walk all over her. 'Put out the light and you won't see them' was all the sympathy she got. . . Two Jesuit Fathers have been killed at Nanking. . . May God protect our priests who are remaining with their flocks at Hanyang!"

At Shanghai they stayed with the Sisters of Loretto at the Sacred Heart Convent. Shanghai was a city of sandbag fortifications and barbed-wire entanglements, but the sandbags were beginning to burst and the wire was getting rusty. One of the Sisters writes: "Shanghai is gradually losing its war-like appearance. . . The sandbags at the crossings, unable to contain themselves any longer, have begun to spill their insides into the street. We found the heat trying at first, and the mosquitoes had a few choice meals off us, until we provided ourselves with nets. Things are much better now. Rain has been falling

copiously—a welcome change, although it means that walking through the city streets is like wading through soup. . . China is a great place in spite of its drawbacks. I am quite in love with it and my heart fills with gratitude when I think that I am really here at last." Did you ever hear such optimism?

THE Feast of St. Michael that year brought another profession ceremony at home, and a new foundation at Dalgan Park, where the Sisters had now undertaken to look after the infirmary and supervise the domestic economy of the college.

Home Again to Hanyang

The revolution had subsided in China by the autumn of 1927, but the Sisters still remained at Shanghai. Father Quinlan, the Vicar General at Hanyang, hesitated to bring them back until he was "pretty sure that they will not have to make another flight." They returned, as a matter of fact, on November 14 and, crossing over from Hankow on a sampan, "climbed the dirty steps, and by a remarkable coincidence entered Hanyang on the Feast of St. Gertrude, the same day as we first entered it last year. . . The old place seems dirtier and dingier, and the smells more plentiful than ever! One wonders how anything could be done to uplift people in such surroundings. . .

Warm Welcome

"We met with no animosity going through the streets. Indeed the people, for the most part, stared at us indifferently—apparently our return meant nothing to them; but as we neared our own little place where the people knew us, we got a warmer welcome and as soon as we alighted from the rickety rickshaws, the little ones gathered round us, seized all our available hands and escorted us into the compound. . . It was with full and grateful hearts we entered the old church and thanked the dear Lord for bringing us back."

THE following years of peace were uneventful enough. A little teaching and a little studying and some dispensary work. In February, 1929, there was a final profession at the little mission convent. The Sisters of St. Columban, at their first profession, take vows for three years and at the end of that time they take them for life. On this occasion the Bishop who received their vows was the new Bishop of Hanyang, Monsignor Galvin, recently consecrated.

Profession in Hanyang

Father Coveney, one of the priests who was present, gives us his impressions:

"Crushed in at the back of the little oratory, I watched the ceremony with mixed emotions. The only bright color in the room was that of the episcopal robes. One heard not the throbbing swell of the organ and one looked in vain for the choir-filled stalls with their cloistered nuns. And yet, because of that very simplicity, there was a grandeur that thrilled. . . In the ensuing silence one heard the Bishop ask: 'My children, are you willing to take Jesus Christ Crucified to be your Spouse forever?' and their answer: 'My Lord, we wish it with all our hearts.' This, indeed, must be the yearning of every soul that binds itself irrevocably to Christ, and on this condition the Bishop promises, even as Christ has promised: 'I promise you, in the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, that you who have left all and followed Him shall receive a hundredfold and possess life everlasting,' and the silver ring that is placed on their fingers is a pledge to them of Christ's undying love."

One of the Sisters who was professed that day describes her feelings in a letter to a Sister at home in Ireland: "Deep down in our hearts the *Te Deum* was re-echoing, and there was a joy and fullness that only those can taste who leave all to follow Christ, and we would not exchange the poverty and drabness and exile of that

day for all the treasures and joys the world could offer. . . And that night, in a little convent in a dirty street in Hanyang, four happy, if tired, Sisters knelt at the Master's feet and thanked Him with all their hearts for the great things He hath done unto them." One of the four was their Superior, Mother Mary Théophane, a mere girl yet in her twenties.

THEY continued their school and dispensary work. Sister Mary Patrick, whom we have almost lost sight of, had the dispensary for her particular charge. "The blind, the deaf, the dumb come to our dispensary daily," writes one of the Sisters, "so Sister Mary Patrick is kept busy with her patients." It probably reminded her of her work in former years in Dublin and London slums. "I have been very busy at the little dispensary, and very happy," she tells an old friend with whom she had been associated as a social worker in Dublin. Indeed this might well be the epitome of any Sister's life in the mission field.

New Work

New work, however, was opening up for them in the country districts. There was question at first of a new foundation in the United States, one that we had looked forward to for many years; but the needs of the missions must always come first.

Bishop Galvin had a scheme for the development of catechumenates or schools where Chinese women would be instructed in the Faith, and the Sisters were to take charge of them. After outlining his problems, he wrote early in 1929: "I would need, and the need is urgent, at least two central catechumenates for women in the country just at present. I want about four Sisters for each catechumenate. . . The catechumenate buildings will be simple and the Sisters would have to do without many things and be prepared to rough it. They must be prepared to travel a good deal in Chinese boats. . . I need the Sisters particularly, for, as I see it, I can't hold this country without their assistance." In another place he writes: "At present we have perfect peace. Anyhow I know the Sisters are prepared to trust in God and take their chances with us." Neither the Bishop nor the Sisters realized then just how serious were the chances they were taking. The events that accompanied this new foundation proved to be the most thrilling episode in their history so far.

Another Band for China

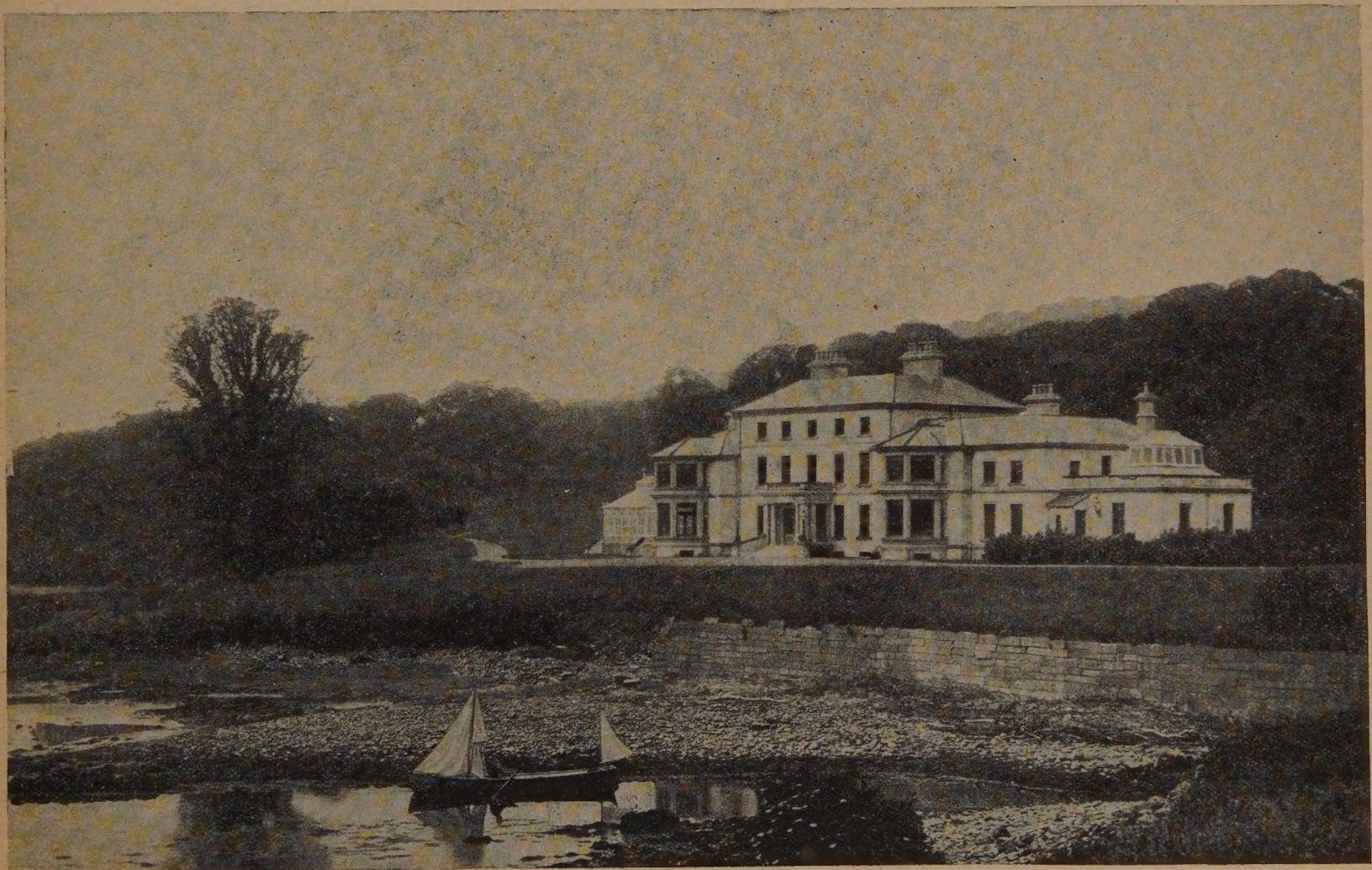
The result of the Bishop's appeal was that the project of an American foundation was deferred, and six Sisters left Dublin for China on October

17. They were Sister Mary Columban, Sister Mary Colmcille, Sister Mary Ignatius, Sister Mary Michael, Sister Mary Dolores and Sister Mary Basil. They went from London to Southampton, and then *via* Suez to the East, along the beaten track.

THREE interesting incidents in the diary of the voyage, as published in *THE FAR EAST*, that only a woman could notice, but we must pass them over, reluctantly, for they do not bear on the main story. There was the usual seasickness, of course, going through the Bay of Biscay, and there was a visit to a Convent where "the Sisters wore white habits with red guimpes, a black veil, white rosary beads and a long silver chain with a large crucifix." Picturesque enough, indeed, to be an order of mitred abbesses! They arrived in Chinese waters on November 21, the Feast of the Presentation, but did not land until the twenty-fifth. A week later they were in Hanyang, in the little convent that was "only big enough for five."

Sientaochen

With their arrival it became feasible for the Bishop to consider the establishment of new centers of activity for them outside of Hanyang. The first place selected was Yuin Lung Ho, far up the Han, but as the materials for



"Cahircon was always a beautiful place . . ."

In 1927 the residence at Cahircon, Co. Clare, Ireland, became the convent of the Sisters

the new convent were assembled at this point, the bandits burned the town. Then Sientaochen, nearer Hanyang, was decided on as being safer, so safe in fact that nobody seriously thought of danger for the Sisters. In March, Sister Mary Jane, the Superior of the Loretto Sisters, wrote of the new venture: "The Columban Sisters hope to be in Sientaochen by September. . . Everybody seems glad that Sientaochen was decided upon. There was a general uneasiness about their going to Yuin Lung Ho, so the Lord put everyone's heart at peace by letting the place be burned down."

Then, on April 27, came the startling and unexpected news in the shape of a cable from the Vicar General of Hanyang: "Sientaochen looted. Laffan and Linehan captured. Sisters escaped to Hanyang." The details came a month later.

Before Easter the conditions around Sientaochen were so normal and the need for instruction schools for women so urgent in the Bishop's eyes, that he asked the Sisters to go there and take up the work at once. The two priests attached to the mission, Father Laffan and Father Linehan, turned their house over to the Sisters and went to live in the boys' school themselves. The Sisters chosen for the new foundation were Sister Mary Lelia and Sister Mary Patrick, who belonged to the pioneer band, and Sister Mary Michael, Sister Mary Basil and Sister Mary Columban, of the new arrivals.

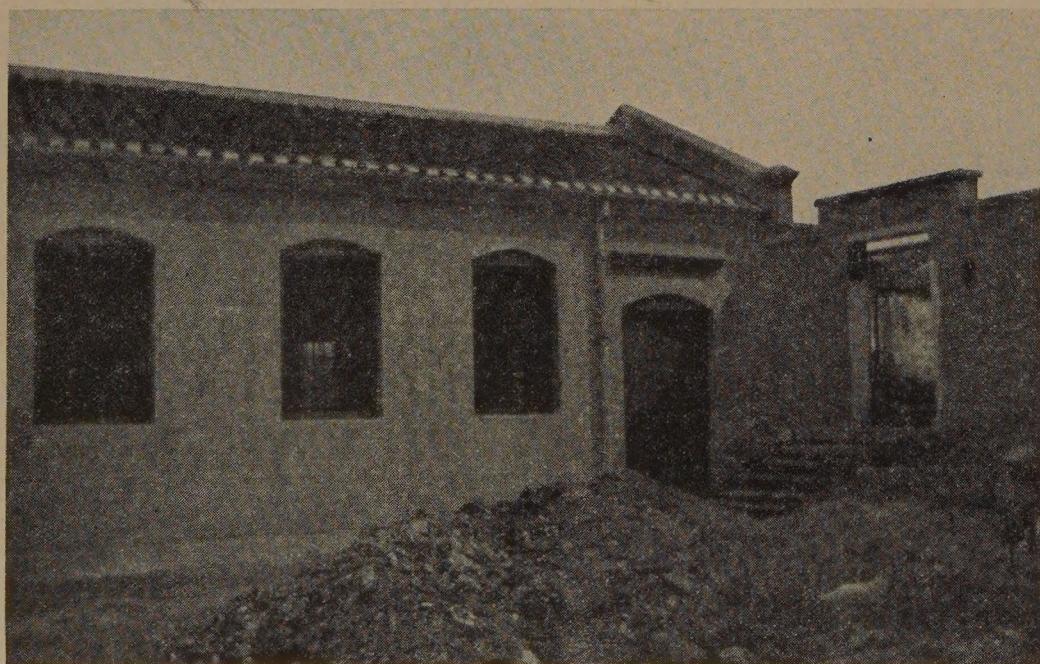
On Easter Monday the Bishop came to talk over arrangements with the Superior, Mother Lelia. . . The raid occurred on Friday, the twenty-fifth, just as the Bishop was finishing Mass early in the morning. The church and



"The rustic steps leading up to the Calvary . . ."

convent were surrounded by bandits and priests and Sisters virtually made prisoners. First the bandits took Father Laffan, and then Father Linehan. The two went bravely. "I'll meet you on the other side of the grave," said Father Laffan, and "his face was pale, but still smiling. To my dying day," writes the Bishop, "that picture will be in my memory. The picture of that brave man going out to die and asking me to send a last message to his mother."

"Monsignor," said Mother Lelia, "offer him up to God. He will take care of him." And He did.



"The Dispensary at Hanyang Is Still Carrying on Its Work of Mercy"

The new dispensary building was opened October 3, 1930

Another Hostage

Then they asked for another hostage. Father Linehan belonged to the parish and the bandits knew his name. "I'll go," he said simply. "He was quite cool," writes the Bishop, "though his face was pale. He went out followed by two bandits, very much as if he was going to some ordinary duty of the day." Some time after Father Linehan had gone out, the bandits began to loot the Sisters' house. Let the Bishop tell the story:

"A fellow with a revolver demanded that we open the room where the Sisters were. I asked that they be allowed to go to another room upstairs, and to this he consented. As soon as the Sisters had gone upstairs, a horde of bandits rushed into the room. . .

"After about an hour I heard the sound of a whistle, and going to the front gate I found it unguarded. I walked down the street. There were no bandits in sight. An old woman, who sat at a little table selling sweets and cigarettes, was very sympathetic.

"Oh," she said, "isn't it terrible? Is there any hope you could get away?"

"That was the very thing I was thinking of myself, but though the front gate was unguarded, the sentry with a revolver was still at the door of the Sisters' house. I turned to the back gate. It was unguarded. . . Then I decided to make a dash for it and trust in God. . . Just as I got to the house I saw a large number of bandits on the verandah upstairs and others going up.

"They are going upstairs; these women will be frightened," I said to the sentry. "I will bring them down and put them at the back."

"Very well," he said.

Escape

"I went up to the room where the Sisters were and beckoned them to follow me. They did it in good order, with no undue haste. We passed the sentry without difficulty, for he was under the impression that I was taking the Sisters to some other room at the back and I presume he thought the back gate was still guarded. . . I had already arranged with two of our Chinese boys to wait for me, and as soon as I came in sight with the Sisters, they led the way out of the back gate into a clump of trees. We slipped from one clump of trees to another, hiding now and then and keeping a sharp lookout."

Friendly Pagan

The Chinese boy went ahead to see the way was clear of bandit sentries.

The little party traveled through fields and by-paths, until at last they reached the Han. A pagan boatman, God bless him, took them across. Then they got other boats and traveled down the river. They managed to buy some bread and boiled eggs on the way. It was now five o'clock in the evening and they had eaten nothing since early morning.

"No words of mine," writes the Bishop, "can convey the glorious spirit of comradeship which bound together that little fugitive band and the fortitude and courage which the Sisters displayed throughout that terrible day. They were simply wonderful. The awful agony they went through can never be put into words, I think, nor can any of us ever cease to thank God, for it was He Who led them out to safety."

Sequel

There was another scare later in 1930 when the Red bandit army was again threatening Hanyang, and the Sisters had to cross the river to Hankow, but that was only for a few days. The two priests captured in April were not killed. They were released by the end of November.

Keeping On

The dispensary at Hanyang is still carrying on its work of mercy, and Sister Mary Patrick and her comrades are apparently none the worse for their experience at Sientaochen. School work goes on as usual and

peace has settled once more over their little convent that is only "big enough for five," but now holds nine.

September, 1930

When the first General Chapter was held in Ireland in September, 1930, Mother Théophane and Mother Lelia were elected delegates from China and traveled home through the United States. Mother Théophane was elected Superior General and Mother Lelia was appointed on her Council. Now there is another Superior in Hanyang, Mother Mary Agnes, one of the Australian girls who traveled across the world to enter the novitiate at Cahircion in its opening years.

At the end of 1930, eight years after its foundation, the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of St. Columban numbered thirty-six professed Sisters, twenty-six novices and seven postulants, making a total of sixty-nine, with foundations in Ireland, China and the United States.

1931

This is "the story thus far." The Superior of the little band that has come to write the American chapter is Mother Mary Francis de Sales. With her are Sister Mary Brendan, Sister Mary Francis Xavier, Sister Mary Peter, Sister Mary Kilian, Sister Mary Magdalen and Sister Mary Berchmans. We ask our friends to pray for them. They are strangers in a strange, though kindly, land and the task ahead of them is not an easy one.



Where the American Chapter Has Begun

The Sisters' convent, Silver Creek, N. Y., formerly Eagle Bay farm, more recently the first home of our junior seminary

The Captives

FATHER Cornelius Tierney, Superior of St. Columban's missions, Kienchang, China, is still held a prisoner by Red bandits. He was seized on November 14 and is therefore now over fourteen weeks in captivity. At present he is receiving tolerable treatment, though naturally his position is one of severe hardship and grave peril. He is held in a distant town, in the section of Kiangsi province in which Father Leonard was killed in 1929.

In a message recently conveyed from his place of imprisonment to Kienchang, Father Tierney asks once more for prayers.

A Letter of Thanks

From Hanyang we have just received a joint letter from Father Laffan and Father Linehan, asking THE FAR EAST to publish their heartfelt thanks for the prayerful interest that Catholics everywhere took in them during the seven long months of their captivity.

"Could you possibly," they write, "fit a few words of thanks from us into the next issue of THE FAR EAST? Everyone has been so extraordinarily good to us . . .

"First, to the Holy Father we humbly offer our sincere thanks. We have received through the Secretary of the Delegation in China a letter conveying to us the Papal Blessing and offering us congratulations and a welcome home . . . We thank all the priests and Sisters, who so constantly offered Masses and prayers for us. Not least among these do we thank Bishop Galvin and the priests and Sisters who are our fellow-missionaries. And we thank everyone of our good friends among the layfolk who prayed for us so kindly and so generously . . .

To the Children

"And to you, little children, we send a message all for yourselves. We grown-ups do not weep as little children do, and maybe it's a pity. But we cried, honestly we did, big round tears—we could not keep them back—when we heard of all your prayers for us and all your sacrifices and your novenas to the Little Flower.

"Up at the Red Lake, where we were held captives, we could actually feel the waves of prayer pouring over us . . .

"To all we say once more: Thanks, from our heart of hearts!"

Father Laffan writes: "Father Linehan and I are wonderfully well. Father Linehan is just a little bit thin, but quite strong; and I'm a joke. I was never fitter in my life."



Soldiers, Guests, Sick Calls

Father W. J. Walsh

THREE are military now here in Sientaochen, so one feels some security, while being at the same time always prepared for anything.

Guests

We had the military officers up here a few Sundays ago, and also the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and the head of the Bao-Wei-Tou. They spent the afternoon with us. At about half-past four we suggested that they should wait and have dinner with us... They accepted the invitation and the kitchen police rose to the occasion wonderfully well. For an hour and a half the boys worked fast and at six o'clock they served a very presentable meal.

At this time the Catholics, as I have already narrated (February FAR EAST, page 10), were being forced by the "White Spears" to worship Pu-Sa. At the end of the dinner, Father Pigott asked the *Tou-Tsong* (captain) if he would help to curb the intensity of the White Spear zealots. The mission teacher then explained fully what we wanted. The *Tou-Tsong* promised to help. And we have not heard since of any force being brought to bear on the Catholics to make them worship Pu-Sa.

Sick Calls

Sick calls are about as numerous here now as ever, and they are always very plentiful in Sientaochen. Some sick calls have also come from Chong-Dou-Kow, which is infested with local bandits. Here one may have to attend more than the person to whom one is called.

One day, for instance, while Father Pigott was out on a sick call to a dying Catholic, he was brought in to baptize two pagans on the same journey. The two were ill and died shortly after.

A Mirror of

The Military Come to Dinner . . . A Man's Enemies
His wife . . . Jien Bao Has Method in
Busy . . . And Super-

I must tell you a little story of great faith in a poor man who is but a new Catholic. Since I came here I have noticed a few lukewarm stragglers, as I thought them, coming in from the street to Mass on Sundays and occasionally coming into the rectory. They did not impress me, but one can judge wrongly. Last Sunday, a man about fifty years of age, whom I had observed among this group, came in and said that his wife was very ill. She was not a Christian but the poor husband had certainly done his best for her, with happy results.

The Tiny Leaven

This man was a lone Catholic, remember, in his home, and his home was in the midst of pagan homes. He had instructed his wife as well as he could and had brought her to the stage where she desired baptism. Previously she had had no inclinations towards Christianity.

When it came to having her baptized, however, the son defiantly objected. He told his father that he would not allow his mother to be baptized. But the father's faith and determination triumphed. He insisted that the priest should be called. And

here he was on his apostolic errand.

Father Pigott went with him and baptized the woman. He said that in spite of the limited instruction she had received, her faith was strong. She died the day after her baptism.

A Lone Outpost of Faith

I went to the house to read the prayers for the funeral, and I was surprised and edified to observe the Catholic atmosphere of that poor little home in the midst of the most appalling pagan surroundings. A picture of the Sacred Heart was hanging on the wall. Beneath it was a crucifix, and on either side of the crucifix candles were burning. Although the poor man was single-handed in defending that crucifix and all it stood for, he had defended it well. Not a solitary trace of pagan superstition was to be seen.

* * *

That's Jien Bao

A Missionary of St. Columban

LI JIEN BAO is a big giant of a fellow with a smile that wins your heart. He is a bit mad, perhaps, but his madness has a sane streak in it that would be a welcome addition to the in-



Ready for the Road, Rain or Shine

Father Quigley, with his umbrella 'n' everything sets out on a missionary journey from his headquarters, Sung Shih, Kienchang district

the Missions

Are Those of His Own Household, But He Converts His Madness . . . The Dispensary is stition Dies Hard

telecasts of a number of people who think themselves wise.

Li Jien Bao's connection with the Church dates back some years now. How he came to know of the Church I cannot exactly say, but anyhow he approached the local Christians—there are a few Catholic families within a mile of his place—and asked them to introduce him to the priest. They did not think that Jien Bao the madman, for so he was known, would add any lustre to their community, so they declined. But he would give them no peace and finally he practically frightened them into acceding to his request. As a catechumen, he showed sincerity and plenty of sense, and in due course he was baptized.

Confessor of the Faith

I am glad to say that he made good. Even my "old" Christians acknowledge him to be a sterling Catholic, and when they give their okay to a convert, you may take it that he is a hundred per cent sound. And well they may approve him, for his faith has been put to the test and has stood it well. In the troubled months of 1927, when murder and arson were events of everyday occurrence, Jien Bao was put

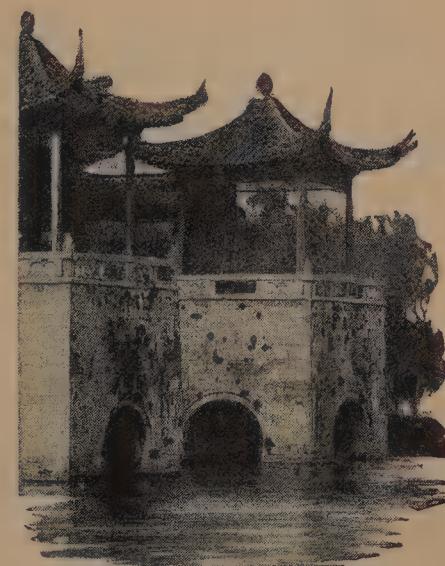
up against a wall with the alternatives of perversion from the Faith or death. He never wavered for an instant. His captors finally released him and now in Catholic circles he is regarded as a confessor of the Faith.

Poor Gwei Dze

The poor fellow met with a heavy cross some time ago. He had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl was espoused to a pagan from her youth, long before her father had become a Catholic. When the time came, he had to give her in marriage. She was the apple of his eye and he had his heart set on her becoming a Christian. I remember how he took her over here for Easter and it was decided that when school would reopen in the fall, she was to come and learn Christian doctrine. Alas, poor Gwei Dze . . .

Jien Bao told me all about her fate later on. She had a hard time of it from her husband's relatives, and it seems that this talk of her becoming a Christian had a good deal to do with it. For months they made life miserable for her, and then came tragedy to the distraught woman.

She had been visiting her parents in their home and returned late one eve-



ning, accompanied by one of her relatives. When they were nearing the house, she dropped behind and her companion went on ahead. Coming up to the house, she stood outside and listened to the conversation of her husband's relatives within. They were talking about her and the punishment they would mete out to her. It was now nearly dark and she turned back to the fields. The rest of the story is soon told. A little boy herding cattle found a pair of woman's shoes. He investigated further and in a drain was found the body of poor Gwei Dze, drowned . . .

Grief's Offering

It was a sore trial for Jien Bao. He was heart-broken and I need not say that I feel pretty badly about it, too. . . Some days later he came to me and putting his hand in his belt, he produced some money. He handed it to me and asked me to use it, in memory of Gwei Dze, when I would open my catechumenate. I took it from him, to let him have at least that consolation.

He comes to my mind as I write now, as I had a sick call to him a few days ago. It took me all day to get there and you can imagine my feelings when I arrived and found that he was up and out. But when he told me his story, I could not be vexed with him. He had been very ill for some days and was terrified at the thought of dying in the midst of pagans, without a single soul to help him. Sitting up in bed, he wrote a note asking me to come. He gave the letter to someone in the village, asking him to wait on the river bank until the Tienmen letter carrier would come, and to request the carrier to bring it to the church. But by the time I received the letter and reached Jien Bao's home, he was better. In fact, nerves may have had most to do with his illness.

That's Jien Bao

That's Jien Bao. But I did not mind. I'd do more than that for



For nineteen long years La Ha mission, Kienchang district, had not seen a priest, when Father Lucey recently visited it. The Catholics greeted him warmly and some are here seen with him

A Mirror of the Missions—Continued



Unemployment in China
One of China's countless roadside beggars

him, for it is a consolation to find such an example of real, living faith in a wilderness of paganism. When I returned to the church, after my day's journey, the Catholics here were vastly amused on learning that my sick man was up and out for a walk when I arrived. And to tell you the truth, I think I'll send someone along to investigate first before I rush off in answer to future "sick" calls from Jien Bao.

* * *

The Sisters of St. Columban

ON OCTOBER 3, Feast of the Little Flower, our new dispensary was opened. Sister M. Ignatius is in charge, with Sister M. Michael as assistant and I am in the pharmacy. The work has already been blessed by a number of baptisms of dying infants and one adult. There are also several of the grateful patients under instruction. One of them is an educated young man who speaks English. Expressing himself in the self-deprecating fashion of the Chinese, he said that he hoped to convert the rest of his rotten family!

Plastic Surgery

Another of those under instruction is ■ soldier, whose ear was cut off by his captain for absence without leave. The poor fellow has great faith in the Sister's healing abilities and brought her his dried-up ear to be replaced. On her explaining the difficulty, he offered to bring her a fresh ear from some bandit or communist!

Meanwhile, I am living the hidden life in the little pharmacy off the dispensary, making up medicines all day long. The Little Flower said that one might save a soul by even picking up ■ pin for the love of God. Perhaps I can pound ■ few souls into my mortar.

S. M. P.

SOME time ago, the Bishop decided to move the girls from here and from the Embroidery School over to Hankow while the city was threatened by communists (see THE FAR EAST for February, page 4). The Bishop himself went with Sister Mary Jane to help her to round up her flock, while Father Lane came here to assist me.

Sister Mary Jane set out first with one-half of the band and I followed with the other half. The Bishop and Father Lane came along with us. At the *dhung-men* the boys had two big boats tied together waiting for us. We all managed to fit in. The Bishop seated on a Chinese bundle, with ■ green Chinese sunshade, looked monarch of all he surveyed.

The girls were just two short of being the hundred. "Who fears to speak of '98?" said the Bishop, as he marched his flock into Hankow. . . .

S. M. A.

Superstition Dies Hard

Father Hugh F. Sands

NO man was ever satisfied with the merely natural. No man ever will be. Where you have no religion you must needs have superstition. Since the beginning neither time nor space has known a man whose life was not wound around by either religion or superstition or perhaps both. The spirit within him craves for this, even as the body it inhabits craves for food.

Future Priests

depend now, in many cases, on Burses. Share in the merit of a priest's life-work by subscribing to ■ Burse.

See inside back cover

History Repeated

And so the missionary, when he comes to a place like China, is not surprised or disheartened by the colossal superstition that envelops the whole land. He knows that some day it will all disappear, as it has done in the Christian countries of the West. Indeed the knowledge of what has happened in the homelands gives us great grounds for hope that like changes are possible here in China. For instance, we who have Irish blood in our veins know right well that superstitions almost as bad as those we daily encounter here flourished in pagan Ireland before St. Patrick came. Those who are of other European stock have like knowledge of similar facts.

What happened in the past is continuing to happen still, wrought by the same divine power.

Of course the older and more deeply rooted a thing is, the longer it takes to eradicate it. If, then, it took so many centuries to purge Europe, it will take just as long here in China. When we see superstitious practices among our new Christians, we are not surprised. But when our people have ■ Christian tradition of a hundred years' standing, we are distressed on finding these practices.

We must remember, however, that in the seventh century abuses quite similar to the ones we see here still survived in Europe. It was in that century, and in a Celtic part of France, that St. Eloi, later Bishop of Noyon, was constrained to write:

Ignore the Thirteenth!

"Let no man observe the sacrilegious practices of the pagans, or dare to consult persons who make charms or practice fortune-telling, or sorcery, or magic, on account of sickness or for any other reason. Observe not auguries, or sneezing; nor, when on a journey, attend to the singing of the birds. Let no Christian take note of the day on which he leaves home or the day on which he returns; or of the month or of the moon, before commencing any work."

When we read these words, which are so applicable to our Christians here, we realize better that the work of the missionary is always and everywhere much the same. The same is true of his obstacles but truest of all of his Helper, Jesus Christ.



*The river
at Yo-Ba*

The Curse on Peter Cheng

By the

REV. ALPHONSUS FERGUSON

**Peter Cheng Gave His Word to the Church, and Broke It... That Was Nearly
a Century Ago, and a Cloud Has Hung Over His Family Until
a Few Months Ago**

PETER CHENG farmed some 60 *mou* of land in Wang-si-kou. A man of means, he was respected by his neighbors. His daughters had been betrothed into well-to-do families, and the marriage settlements of his sons were well arranged. And he was a Catholic, the great-great-grandson of a Catholic, which added further lustre to his name.

The Beginnings

Some eighty years ago a priest had come to the village to preach the Gospel. He had remained there for two months, and during that time old Cheng—great-great-grandfather of Peter—and several men of the village were instructed in the truths of the Faith. On the priest's next visit, twelve months later, Old Cheng, his family and four other families, were received into the Church and baptized.

Growth

As the years wore on, the little flock gradually increased until now in Peter's time over seventy families were Catholic. And proud they were when the priest was able to stay a month in the village.

FATHER LIAO had charge of all Mien-yang and could visit them but once in two years. When he came to make the mission in Wang-si-kou, he stayed sometimes in one house, sometimes in another, but usually with Peter Cheng. Peter was one of the two catechists and his house boasted six rooms. All were anxious to have the Father, but few houses were suitable for Mass.

The Need

It was the ambition of all Wang-si-kou to have a church of their own where the Father could stay; a church of their own where every day they might come together for night-prayers; where Sundays and holidays could be observed and where the Stations of the Cross could be erected. A church in Wang-si-kou would mean for them the assurance of real Catholic life in the village.

Father Liao was also anxious for the church. For him it signified another milestone on the road, another Cross in

pagan China. With a little church he could reserve the Blessed Sacrament during his visits and the Christians of Wang-si-kou would have Our Divine Lord living in their midst.

For several years the problem was discussed. The people were too poor to build it themselves and Father Liao had all Mien-yang calling on his slender purse. He could just manage to pay for the materials if the Catholics would supply the labor and land. About the labor there was no trouble; the Christians were delighted to be of assistance and would have built a cathedral if practical. But the land was a problem.

Peter Cheng's Bargain

Each man's holding was very small. Only Peter Cheng could afford to give any land and even his 60 *mou* (10 acres) were small when divided among his three sons. Neither the Father nor any of the Christians suggested to Peter that he should make a gift to the church, but one day, in discussing the situation, Peter himself made the offer. He had two *mou* of land at the river bank, he said, that would make a grand site for the chapel. He could not afford to give it for nothing and fixed a modest price. The Catholics were delighted. Father Liao was overjoyed. The price was agreed on. All contributed from their little store and the site was set apart.

The place chosen was a little plot of land on the banks of the Yo-Ba river, high up above the reach of floods and wonderfully convenient both for the people and the priest in his journeyings. It was now late in November. The hard frosts were already come and no work could be done till the spring. Father Liao set out on his tours again. He was anxious to visit as many missions as possible before March, when the building of Wang-si-kou church should commence.

The Broken Contract

Towards the end of February, Father Liao hurried from distant Fengkow back to Wang-si-kou. All along the road

in his journeying, his heart sang with joy at the thought of the little church that so soon was to add a new note to the river scene at Wang-si-kou. He arrived and was warmly greeted by the Christians. The Pater, Ave and Credo were said; the priest blessed the people, and then sat down among them to discuss the building.

A bitter disappointment was in store for him. Peter Cheng had sold the land. A neighboring pagan had heard that Peter was giving the land to the church. He had gone to him and offered a big price. Peter was tempted and fell. The church-site was sold. Peter had repented of his generosity to God and sold the land.

The Prophecy

For poor Father Liao it was a bitter blow. Here were the plans of years gone like a dream: the hopes of the little community shattered. In the bitterness of his heart he denounced Peter:

"Peter Cheng," he said, "you have lied to God. You have stolen from God and God will punish you. You have your money, but it will bring you little happiness. From today on, never will one of your family be blessed by God. Your sons will be taken from you and no Cheng will ever again have a son."

ONE day last year a lady called to see me. She had come from Hankow and was staying with friends in the village of Yo-Ba. She told me she was a Mrs. Cheng and had come to me for help.

"My family is cursed by God," she said. "Almost one hundred years ago old Father Liao cursed us. Since that day no son has ever been born to the family. As the years went on, sons were adopted but even to them no sons were born. I have 10 *mou* of land here in Yo-Ba. Father, would you take it for the church? I want to make reparation for the sin of Peter Cheng. Could you have Masses of reparation offered to the Sacred Heart and implore the Divine Mercy that our sin may be forgiven and the curse on our lives removed?"

I told her she must approach the Bishop in Hanyang. Only the Bishop could accept offerings of this kind. And I assured her the Divine Mercy was infinite. The Sacred Heart would surely hear her prayers. "A contrite and humble heart Thou wilt not despise!"

This month a son has been born to Mrs. Cheng. God grant that he may live to maturity and in his life show forth the wonders of God's mercy.

You never miss what you put in a mitebox. Write for one for Lent.

They Have Kept the Faith (Concluded from page 4)

Courage

Putting their trust in God and armed with pikes, they stood behind their leader, a young man of about thirty years of age. Acting as spokesman, he addressed the menacing pagans thus:

"You murdered our father because he was a Catholic. You murdered our uncle because he was a Catholic. And now you want to murder us. There are seven of us still left, and there are several hundred of you. We, too, are Catholics and we are prepared to die for the Faith like our father and uncle. But before we die we will take life for life!"

Whereupon the leader of the pagans gave orders to his men to withdraw and not provoke the Catholics further!

The family has not been molested since. Perhaps the prayers of their dead father and uncle inspired them with such extraordinary courage and obtained for them the grace to prefer death to apostasy. Their heroic stand instilled new hope and fortitude into the Catholics of the neighboring district and saved many of them from apostatizing during that period of persecution.

THREE is an interesting sequel to this story of the Ju family's valor. Early in September, 1928, two Chinese arrived at my headquarters in Tsao-Shih about sunset. They had walked from Sung-Ho that day—a distance of thirty miles. They had spent the previous night with Father Peter Fallon, after walking twenty miles from their home in the mountains of Hupeh. They looked both tired and hungry when they trudged in to me at Tsao-Shih, for they had carried a good deal of baggage with them over the weary miles.

Future Priest

One of the two was a boy of about fourteen and the other was about thirty. They were brothers, they said, and the elder of the two handed me a letter to read. It was from Father Fallon, asking me to provide them

1932

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Everybody who intends to be a pilgrim to the International Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, June, 1932, would be wise to prepare at once.

It will be one of the most memorable religious celebrations in our day.

Read the announcement on page 23.

with food and shelter for the night and stating that the younger of the two was on his way to Hwan-Ja-San seminary to study for the priesthood. His brother was bringing him down and was returning immediately.

After they had supper we had a talk and they impressed me as being very good, fervent Catholics.

Next day they left by sampan for the seminary, which is about a hundred miles from Tsao-Shih.

A few weeks later Father Fallon paid me a visit.

"Do you remember," he asked, "the two Chinese who came down from Sung-Ho recently with a letter from me?"

I replied that I did.

"Well," he said, "they are wonderful Catholics. They belong to the Ju family, who last year showed themselves ready to shed their blood in defense of the Faith. That boy will surely make a fine priest."

And please God, he will.

Between Friends

I am sending a little mite. I did a washing and ironing so as to have a little to send THE FAR EAST. N. Y.

Even if you did not send the Christmas mitebox, I put away dimes for just this purpose. I am sending you a renewal and a contribution to your seminary. Mo.

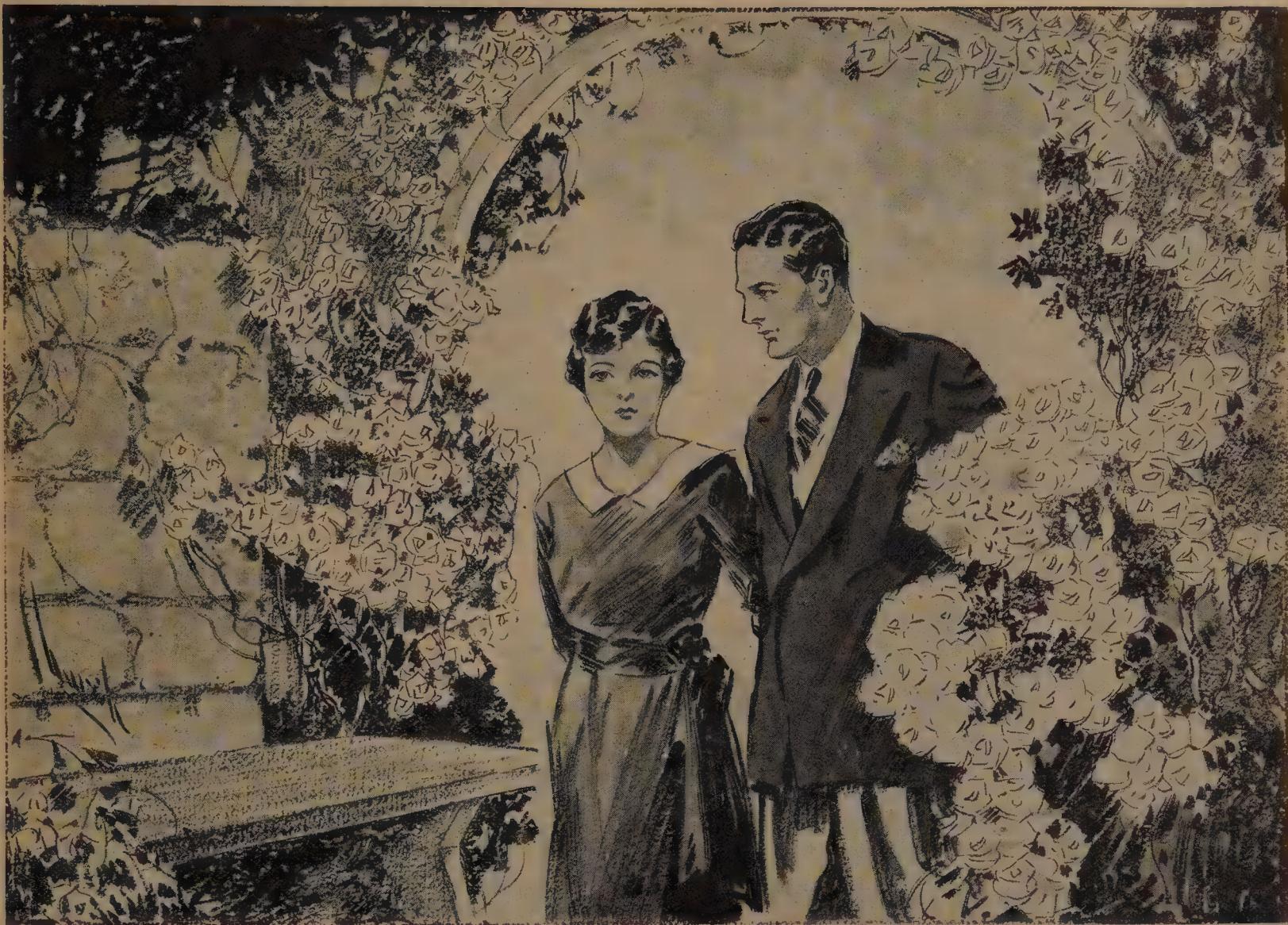
I read THE FAR EAST and can scarcely wait for each new copy to arrive, then I devour every word of it. Every article is interesting, but "Loretto in China" and the experiences of the St. Columban Sisters generally receive first attention. OHIO.

Do I like THE FAR EAST? In a table in my room there is a pile of FAR EASTS that date back to 1920. What do you think? I wonder if you could say that? I often go through them and compare 1930 with 1920 and with everything else... I think the Eucharistic Number was just fine. MASS.

My sister, with whom I live, receives THE FAR EAST. I think it quite the friendliest magazine I have ever read. ILL.

We receive THE FAR EAST regularly and enjoy it very much. We pass it on to our friends when finished. ILL.

We tuned in on our radio for all your St. Columban programs and everyone enjoyed them. We also went to see Father Ranaghan's motion pictures of China, which was very beautiful. LA.



An old rose garden, a crumbling red brick wall, a peach tree in bloom. Hush in the air and a great hush in her heart.

*Illustration by
CHARLES F. CHURCH*

DESTINIES

Short Story

*by
E. M. ALMEDINGEN*

SHE had been listening to him for nearly twenty minutes and now the very sound of his urging voice wearied her, though her own would not betray it.

"It's no good, Rex, no good at all"—she made an effort to speak very gently—"I tell you I just can't care, even if you do."

"Even if I do," he echoed impetuously. "Clare, you sound as though you doubted me."

Her heart beat faster under her plain blue serge frock. The sensitive line of her mouth curved as though some inner pain were smothering all breath in her . . . Her big eyes, such strangely hued eyes were they, now amethyst, now aquamarine, looked far beyond him, far out of the window where the evening sun trembled over New York . . .

"I don't doubt," she spoke at last, "and I'm sorry for you, Rex, that's all—"

Moodily he went towards the door.

"Well,"—his fingers on the door handle—"Never mind! I shall come and ask you again. I must . . . You're about all the world to me."

She did not answer, and when the door closed behind him, she turned to the window.

Her working day was over. She was free to slip out of her uniform, get into her own clothes and go home. But she did not stir.

This, then, was life. Not merely difficult because it required all one's wits to make both ends meet, since sales-

women at Sommers' were paid anything but lavishly. Yet difficulties, shaped by the lack of dollars and cents, could be overcome, could be wrestled with, solved no matter at what cost. This was intangible, unsurmountable, hideously unsurmountable. She wished wildly Rex Sommers had never come into his father's business. For the problem, brought about by his insistence, hurt her to the quick. Tonight she felt as though sharp needles were stuck all over her body. She felt tired and could not stir.

At last long shadows began creeping into the small dingy room. The door opened and an untidy head poked in. Clare remembered her surroundings reluctantly enough. Slowly she got ready to go home, slowly left the huge building and made her way to the subway station around the corner, till at last, her humble-furnished room of a home reached, she sank into an armchair, much too worn out to consider either food or bed.

SHE had been at Sommers about six months and less than three weeks later, Rex singled her out at a mannequin parade. Spoke to her then and there. She remembered standing before him, shy and bewildered, uncomfor-

(Continued on page 20)

THE FAR EAST

Organ of the Chinese Mission Society of St. Columban

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No. 3

REMEMBER GOD'S WORK IN YOUR WILL

"It is a bad will that has not the Name of Our Lord among the heirs."—Cardinal Manning.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give and bequeath to The Chinese Mission Society of St. Columban, incorporated under the laws of the State of Nebraska, the sum of \$..... for the purposes of the said Society ■ specified in the Articles of Incorporation.

The Line of Least Assistance

MEN lost in the snows long to lie down in the soft, white drifts and slowly sink to sleep. But if they are wise, they resist the inclination vigorously, knowing that to yield to that inviting drowsiness means freezing to death.

More deceptive and more dangerous than the snows to men benumbed are the cares, the riches and the pleasures of this world to our weakened souls. Whoever wants to save his soul must constantly exert himself, lest he yield to the fatal impulse to self-indulgence. That constant exertion is, briefly, denying oneself and taking up one's cross daily.

Underneath all spiritual losses, all falling away from the Faith and all failure to spread the Faith, all neglect of God and all disregard of our neighbor, there is always one root cause: somebody somewhere has refused to deny himself some gratification. Are the missions, vanguard of the Church, advancing? Then self-denial has been at work. Are they retarded, are their conquests meager? Then somewhere a preference has been given to sloth as against prayer, to pleasure as against vocation, to luxury as against generosity, to pride as against truth.



A Time of Grace

LENT comes, as one of God's mercies, awakening us once more to the truth that there is no safety where there is no self-denial. From the sombre lesson of Ash Wednesday to the pitiful, appealing example of Good Friday, the holy season offers ■ countless graces to aid us in the mortification without which we ■ no Christians.

Add to your Lenten self-denial the beauty and warmth of apostolic zeal. Transmute to purest gold your acts of mortification by giving them a missionary motive. Thus you will join to the merit of penance the further merit attaching to the highest possible form of charity.

* * *

For spiritual training a mitebox is of great assistance. Write for one for Lent to St. Columbans, Nebr.

* * *

The Spiritual Aeneid

A LONDON converts' aid society quotes two letters received recently from non-Catholic clergymen, both married men with families and without private financial resources.

One writes: "I am about to be received into the Catholic Church, owing to the Lambeth decisions."

"I know what I ought to do," writes another, "but I doubt if I shall have the courage to do it."

We may well be grateful that we have received the Faith so easily. And we can hardly realize how much our prayers and sympathy are needed by souls outside the Fold.

Looking out from non-Catholic Christians to the pagans of Asia and Africa, we cannot but think: "If those on the threshold of the Church need our aid, what of those who, through the evil fogs of paganism, have not even glimpsed the lights of home?"

* * *

Pray to St. Joseph, in your own needs and in ours. The foreign missions are dear to him. And he understands the difficulty of making ends meet.

If You Know What We Mean

"BUT why go abroad, when there is so much work to be done at home?"

The speaker, a well-dressed man of middle age, asked the question in a quizzical tone, as if he found it hard to take his companion seriously. The man beside him was much younger, still in his twenties, apparently. Though he was dressed as a student, he had the face of a huntsman, lean and noticeably bronzed. When he spoke, his words came with deliberation.

"There is work to be done everywhere," he answered, "and the biggest work is where an entire nation, practically, is still pagan. I want to go where the need is greatest."

"Let somebody else go."

"I am free to go and I am fitted for the work. Others may not be. And anyhow why reject the privilege when it is offered to me?"

The other shook his head dubiously.

"Privilege? I can't see any. To me it looks like waste and folly and presumption—" He stopped. The young man was smiling, was not impressed. The objector changed his tone.

"You're crazy," he said, almost roughly. "Can't you realize? Here you come home after spending six years as a captive with those pirates, and you want to go back and convert them. It's suicide. You're throwing yourself away on those worthless bandits—"

The interruption flashed:

"They're not worthless. Christ died for them. They're not all bandits. Some are, just as some people here are. God wants them converted. Doing God's work isn't throwing myself away."

The older man sniffed.

"Look at your uncle, the Bishop," he said. "Hasn't he been doing God's work? And still he hasn't gone running off to distant islands. Aren't his standards good enough for you?"

"Quite." The young man was smiling. "Our vocations are different, our standards are the same. I'm only trying to do what Bishop Martin would do, if he were in my place."

"How do you know he'd do it? He hasn't given you his approval, I'll wager."

"He has."

"He has? . . . He's getting old. His mind isn't as clear as it used to be. Anyhow, he was always quixotic. I thought so ever since I heard about his giving his coat to that tramp."

The young listener smiled more widely still.

"Listen, my boy," said the other, impressively. "You don't know the world. Neither does the Bishop, if I may so say. Stay here and work among the people who will listen to you. This is a young country. You've got missions right here, if you want them."

"Yes," came the reply, "but you have more Christian influences here, more graces, than they have abroad. And there will never be a time when workers won't be needed at home. If I waited for a hundred years, or for fifteen hundred years, someone would put up that same argument of yours to keep me back. If there was any force in it, the apostles would never have left Jerusalem and St. Denis would have stayed in Italy."

The well-dressed man sniffed again.

"That's all very well, but we're not living in the time of the apostles or St. Denis now. We're living in the present day—"

"What's the difference? As long as there are pagans and infidels left, the same principles hold good."

The older disputant sighed.

"It's sheer folly," he said, "and you won't listen to reason. God doesn't demand these impossible things of us. And He will surely punish you for being so foolhardy. . . . And how about the money you will need?"

"My patrimony and gifts that I will beg from my friends will provide all I want."

"Gifts from your friends—how can you ask them? It's just squandering good money. The whole business will come to nothing. And you, my poor boy, will probably be captured and killed."

The young man stood up.

"Perhaps I will," he said softly. "It happened to my Saviour." Then his eyes lit up and his words were impassioned.

"The voice of the Irish is calling me," he cried, "and God wants me to answer their call. How can I look at that"—he pointed to a wooden crucifix on the wall—"and refuse?"

SOMEWHERE in the distance the curfew bell began to toll. The two men separated, the younger leaving for the abbey of Marmoutier, the other repairing to his bedroom.

Standing at the open casement the older man looked

out over the city of Tours, dim in the violet evening.

"The voice of the Irish," he repeated to himself, scornfully. "As if there wasn't Ireland enough at home!"

But his young friend Patrick, kneeling in the shadows of the abbey chapel, was already offering through Mary's hands the consecration of his life as a foreign missionary.

That was fifteen centuries ago. On March 17, millions of people on earth, in purgatory and in heaven will join in honoring St. Patrick because he was wise and strong enough to make that consecration.

* *

Medical Missionaries

SOME twelve years ago two little girls in Milwaukee were earnest and delighted readers of Colum's pages in THE FAR EAST. Last Christmas we received a card of greeting from one of them. It came from a mission hospital in India. The two erstwhile readers of Colum's pages are now Medical Missionaries and they thank THE FAR EAST, under God, for their noble vocations.

Too few Catholics know of the work of the Society of Medical Missionaries. Established in Brookland, Washington, D. C., a few years ago, it is one of the youngest and most meritorious missionary foundations in America. Its third band of missionaries, graduate nurses all, left recently for India. Africa, Manchuria and several regions in India are appealing urgently for the Society's services.

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Catholic Laymen of Shanghai

By the
VERY REV. W. S. MCGOLDRICK

ONE Sunday we entertained to dinner a number of prominent Catholic laymen—our introduction to the laity of Shanghai.

Mr. Lo Pa Hong

Unfortunately the doyen of Shanghai's Catholic world, Mr. Lo Pa Hong, could not be present. He spends his Sundays teaching catechism in the outlying districts, and had called upon us a few days earlier to excuse his non-attendance on that ground. However, as he said himself, he needs no introduction to St. Columbans, and we on our part can very truthfully say that we need no introduction to him. THE FAR EAST has spoken of him over and over again—of him and his magnificent charitable work among the poor of Shanghai. It would be difficult to speak too highly of that work, but one has to be here to realize the incredible amount of charity that he is able to crowd into a very busy life. Director of the Shanghai Tramways and occupied with several other "whole-time jobs," he always finds

Meet Some Chinese Catholic Laymen . . . Nowhere Has Catholic Action More Vigorous or Loyal Workers Than among These Distinguished Shanghai Citizens.

time to devote his entire attention to the service of God wherever a call of charity is to be answered.

Nor is it in Catholic circles alone that his charity is recognized. I called at his office recently and he showed me a check which he had just received from the Municipal Council—twelve hundred and fifty taels for one of his hospitals, the Sacred Heart Hospital at Yangtsepoo.

Another old friend of St. Columbans was prevented from being present—Mr. Matthew Cho, of Hankow. He has been a sincere friend of our mission ever since we came to China and

nothing but impossibility prevented him from being with us.

The Roll Call

The place of honor at our table on Sunday was reserved for Mr. Nicholas Tsu, whose long life has been closely bound up with the progress and development of the Church in Shanghai. Mr. Liu Chang Yin, native of a city that claims us on many a count, though it is well over half a century since he left Hanyang, is another venerable figure in Catholic circles. In the group you will see him seated at my left, Mr. Tsu being at the right. (Like "King Charles' Head," I don't seem to be able to keep myself out of the picture. In this instance, however, please note that I am nothing more than a useful finger-post to indicate two splendid Catholic gentlemen.)

Then there is Mr. Louis Shen at Mr. Tsu's right, another venerable figure in the Shanghai Catholic world. Mr. Shen lives in a mansion down in the native city, and the garden about his home—well, I wish all garden-lovers could see it. Not until you have seen a real Chinese garden will you ever realize how much we Westerners have still to learn in the art of gardening. Flowers, trees, mountains, rivers—a whole Eden of natural beauties is here assembled into one glorious miniature, that is, if you can call an immense garden a miniature.

Mr. Shen's garden is not the only glory of his beautiful home, for the most beautiful salon in the mansion is the chapel, a private oratory that would do honor to a Cardinal's palace. It is one of the glories of a Chinese home to have, not merely an altar, but an entire private chapel, and to have Mass there whenever possible. There are many such chapels in the Catholic homes around Shanghai. Recently I



"I wish all garden lovers could see it . . ."
Mr. Louis Shen's garden in the native city, Shanghai



Priests of St. Columban's Procure, Shanghai, with Some of Shanghai's Prominent Laymen

Seated, left to right: Messrs. Tsu Kung Chia, Director of Shanghai Waterworks; Sen Sun Hong; Paul Wong; Father W. S. McGoldrick; Messrs. Nicholas Tsu, brother of Bishop Tsu, S. J.; Liu Chang Yin; Louis Chen.

Standing, left to right: Mr. Seng So Mei, Secretary to the French Tramways; Father Nicholas Cody; Messrs. Seng Nyang Kao; Louis Tsu. Mr. Patrick Wong and his brother stand to the right of Father Edward Lane.

assisted at a Requiem Mass in the home of Mr. Tsu. The Mass was for his mother, the celebrant being his brother, the Right Rev. Bishop Tsu, Vicar-Apostolic of Haimen.

Our First Convert

Our fourth guest of honor was Mr. Paul Wong, on whom St. Columbans always must have a claim, for his son Paddy was one of our first alumni. In fact, he was the first convert of the Mission. He was baptized on March 17—note the date and the name he took—1920, at St. Columbans, Hanyang. He received his first Communion in St. Columban's College, Dalgan Park, Ireland, and subsequently studied at the National University of Ireland, whence he holds his degree in engineering. Paddy—who, by the way, holds an important engineering post at the Shanghai waterworks—was our master of ceremonies on Sunday. His fluent English and his knowledge of the details of Chinese etiquette were to a great extent responsible for the undoubtedly success of our dinner. Mr. Wong is not in good health, but he braved the heat of a Shanghai sum-

mer in order to be with us. Several years ago he followed his son's example and entered the Church. Hence we look on him, too, as an alumnus of St. Columbans.

En Famille

Dinner began in the usual formal manner of ceremonial dinners, but we hadn't come to the third course before all ceremony was thrown to the winds, and, as Mr. Tsu expressed it, we were really *en famille*.

It was a broiling hot day and the photographer had pity on the tired guests. So, as the architect-owner who built our house (for himself, not us) had the good sense to put a glass conservatory at the end of the verandah, we sat there for our photo—posed as well as we could, though it isn't so easy to keep perfectly still for five or ten seconds after a big dinner in summer. Yet we succeeded pretty well—with one or two honorable exceptions, and I think the group makes a fine picture, don't you?

After the photographer the older guests began to depart, but the younger men stayed on and "talked of ships

and shoes and sealing wax, and cabbages and kings." Yet the sun kept on his way across the heavens and gradually they, too, took their departure. And when all was over and we had time to think over matters, we felt that St. Columban's Procuration, Shanghai, had become an integral part of Shanghai's Catholic world.

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SOCIETY OF ST. COLUMBAN
St. Columbans, Nebr.

Destinies

(Continued from page 15)

ably conscious of the green velvet evening dress.

He asked her then if she was Irish and hearing her answer, muttered: "Of course, you couldn't be anything else with this hair and these eyes."

Later came innumerable offers of car-rides, theatres, what-not. She would refuse them. To herself she readily admitted that Rex Sommers was likable and probably more than likable: tall, clean-limbed, a suggestion of freedom in his gait, something warmly Southern in his dark hair, his humorous brown eyes. Likable? Oh, rather. And no more—to her.

And then, just a month ago, came his final offer. She heard it, a little dazed. She did not laugh it away. But she tried to muster all the earnestness in her in refusing him. Which did not impress Rex to any great extent. That very evening he came upstairs, repeating his proposal for the fifth or sixth time.

"I must be a little fool," she mused, alone in her shabby cold room. "But I can't help it. Even if my heart were my own, Rex would be just Rex."

Her big eyes narrowed, her cheeks flushed. She did not see the dingy, cheaply-papered walls of her tiny room; she saw a garden vista, an old rose garden, a crumbling red brick wall, a peach tree in bloom, an old cedar overshadowing the lawn beyond. Hush in the air and a great hush in her heart. And Jim Tagart's hand clasping her fingers.

"Poor Jim! Foolish Jim! As though money ought to have mattered, now that we—both of us—are poor."

Jim Tagart, whom she could never hope to meet now! She had been an heiress in those far-off days in the old rose garden and he—the only son of a rich man. But even before her own fortune was brought to the dust of bare poverty, Jim's father had a mighty crash and the boy went forth, eager to brave the world. Went away, very solemnly releasing her of all their earlier vows.

"It'd be too hard on you . . . I've no right—"

She ought never to have let him go! But so many things had changed since. Now she had an obscure and ill-paid job in a department store and Jim was probably beating out his own small tune somewhere on the anvil of a none too friendly world.

But the hush of the old rose garden

stayed on with Clare. Gave her some uncanny strength whenever Rex Sommers urged her, pleaded with her, tempted her with the possibilities their marriage would open to her.

She sat up, her lips half-opened.

"Masses of gold! Why, could gold make a rose bloom? Could gold do anything but buy, buy things for a moment?"

Once rich and now poor, Clare knew the eases and comforts that money could fling into life. At odd and infrequent moments she would feel a vague rebellion stir in her, a dim

credible! Yet she knew she had broken no rules, had not been in late. Her lips framed a reply to the cashier her own ears could not hear. And moving off, her eyes caught the name of Tagart somewhere in the middle of the payroll. She staggered back to the desk.

"Just a second!" She steadied herself. "Have you anyone by the name of Tagart in the firm?"

The cashier eyed her curiously.

"Think so! In the bookkeeping department. Next please!" Abruptly he barred the way to any further irrelevant questions.

Clare walked off, her feet treading on air. Jim had a billet. And Jim was here. So things were right once again! She'd lose no time in bridging the silence of two years. . . . Her cheeks went the color of a wild rose.

The head of the firm sat, facing her across his desk. The strong, clean-shaven face of the old man seemed utterly expressionless: Clare waited, suddenly indifferent to the issue of the interview.

"Miss Stanton,"—he coughed—"you've been with us six months. My son's reported to me about you. You've got your head screwed on all right. I guess it's high time you got a raise. And promotion—"

The dry voice went on, plunged into details. Clare listened.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Sommers," she said, almost woodenly.

The door closed behind her. Down at the end of the long corridor, Rex stood, waiting.

"Clare, say you're glad! Clare didn't I tell you? Clare, why don't you answer?"

On the verge of sheer anger, she faced him.

"It's all your doing, Rex Sommers! So you thought I could be bribed into this! Cars, theatres, candy, none worked! So you got your father to give me a raise. I'd better go back and tell him I'm not going to have it."

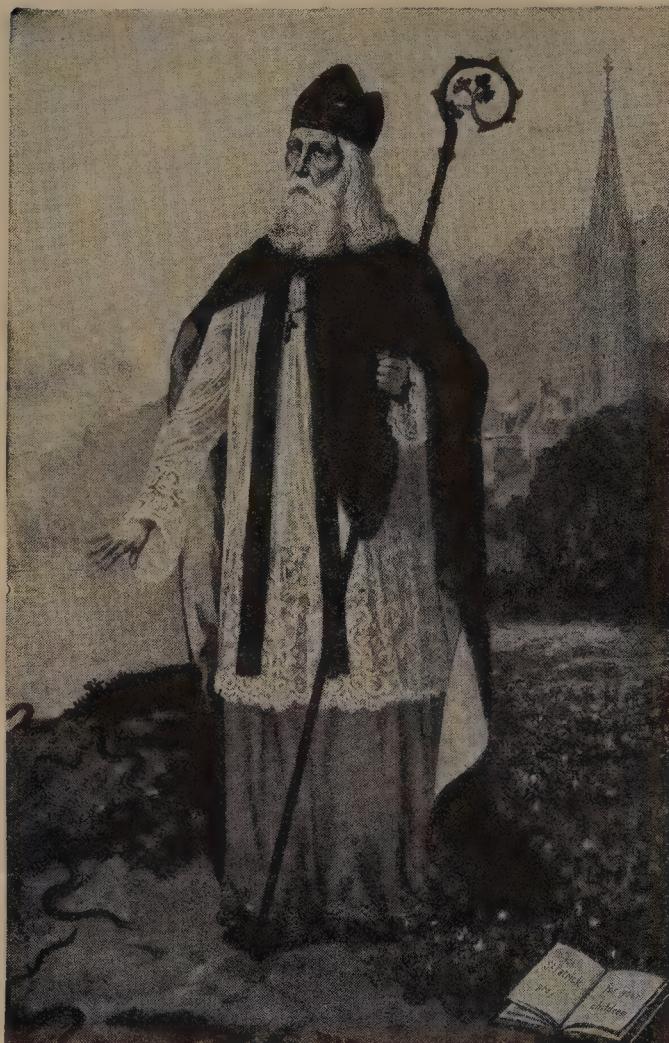
His mouth stiffened.

"Steady there, Clare! You just couldn't do it. If Dad got a shadow of an idea about it, he'd fire you. He doesn't know anything yet, I tell you."

Her lips winced.

"There's nothing for him to know," she flung back proudly and walked on.

Eyes darkened, mouth set almost grimly, Rex Sommers watched her go down the passage.



Saint Patrick, Pray for Us

hunger for easier days, unencumbered by the eternal and careful reckoning of dollars and cents. At odd moments, only.

"I hope he won't trouble me again! I hope dear God will bring Jim and myself together again." Her tired fingers fumbled with the clasp of her bag and drew out her old rosary.

IT WAS pay-day at Sommers! Clare went up with the rest of the girls to get her meager envelope, but when her turn came, the cashier looked up quickly from his desk.

"I've a message for you, Miss Stanton! The boss says you're to go to his office immediately."

She swayed a little. Was it Rex's revenge, shaping into a dismissal? In-

"It isn't my money! It isn't me! It's because there must be someone else! You've about missed your innings, Rex Sommers," he murmured.

And, at these words, his clean-cut sun-burned face grew shadowy, angrily, muddily shadowy.

It would have grown more so, had he seen Clare the same evening.

THHEY met on the steps of the huge building, Jim Tagart and she. Eyes incredulous, hands outstretched, hearts beating faster and faster. For them the evening street shone and gleamed, picked out in purest gold. For them, all suddenly, the noises of New York were not.

"Jim!"

"Clare, my Clare . . . You here! And I was just about to write to Richmond! I've cleared all debts of poor Dad's. And got a decent billet, too. Why, been shopping here, Clare?"

"No, Jim, no! Why, didn't you hear—"

Breathless confidences pouring out in an avalanche. People hurried past them. They saw nobody but each other. The street gleamed with gold for them.

"But you're free, Clare! You've been free these two years!"

Her eyes silenced him.

"Been waiting, Jim," she whispered. "Been waiting, dreaming, such foolish dreams—"

He laughed.

"You're Irish through and through, Clare! Doing anything tonight?"

She grew demure.

"Have a jumper to mend and a pair of stockings to darn and—"

"What about a show?"

"N-no." Solemnly she shook her head. "It's our first evening, Jim! And it's Friday evening. So—"

He squeezed her hand.

"Right as usual, honey! We'll go to Benediction first. And then—then—" his grey eyes twinkled,—"the latest news!"

They walked on, treading on gold . . . "Clare."

"Jim."

"Mean to tell me you never stopped caring? Mean to tell me no one else came to care for you these two years?"

She paused. No, what need to tell him about Rex Sommers. Anyhow, it was finished . . .

"Stopped caring?" she echoed. "You foolish, foolish Jim."

An enthusiastic evening was theirs. Plans, laid soberly. Jim sighed.

"I'll keep you in comfort, honey, but I guess I'll never have a big pile."

"And who wants it?" she laughed back.

A country house! Trips to Europe!

Two cars! A town mansion! Emeralds from India round her neck, shoes from Paris on her feet! Servants! Priceless furniture! Rare antiques! Rare silver! Frocks from Reville and Chanel! Rex's adoration around her, dazzling, but ah, so cold, as cold as a brilliant electric lamp . . . No, no, no. She sighed out of sheer content.

And Jim, working out an elaborate apology about the insignificant ring he could afford to give her. Jim, planning a modest wing-clipped honeymoon.

"I know a fellow in a tourist company. He might advise—"

Her violet eyes widened in rapture.

"What about Richmond, Jim? New people in our place, I know that. But we might get a glimpse of the old rose garden, mightn't we?"

"So let it be Richmond," Jim acquiesced a little recklessly.

NEXT day:

The news had run like wildfire throughout the big building. And in the lunch recess Rex barred Clare's way in the corridor. His face looked heavy.

"Is that it?" he asked. "You dangled on with me just because you weren't sure you'd ever meet the other fellow again?"

"I never dangled with you, Mr. Sommers." Clare's lips went white. "I kept on refusing you till I grew tired of—"

He interrupted her:

"Every girl does that! So it's settled, isn't it?"

She drew herself up:

"I don't see why I need give you any account of it. I never encouraged you."

He laughed harshly.

"Oh, you didn't, of course! Why, all about you would encourage any man who isn't as blind as a bat! Clare, don't go mad!"—he changed his voice to a pleading key. "What can he, a poor employee, give you but drudgery? And I could give you everything! Clare, you must reconsider."

She stood.

"Better have the whole truth and then, perhaps, you might understand. Quite apart from Jim and apart from my not caring for you, I could never bring myself to marry a non-Catholic. See? You don't care a scrap about any religion, do you?"

"Well, who does?" he shrugged cynically.

"I do," she retorted. "You'd better find yourself a mate of your own mould. And leave me alone . . ."

He stopped pleading.

"Leave you alone!" he echoed. "Clare, you've asked for it. You shall be left alone . . ." Again he changed

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his tone. "And what in the world are you two going to live on?"

"Jim's a hard worker and I'll try and do my bit."

He gave another shrug. Stepped back.

"And you'll wear unlovely clothes and spend yourself in the housework drudgery," he mused. "You, who are made for beauty. Clare, I'll stop you yet."

But she had run away. She had sensed a grimly veiled threat in his voice. She did not desire to let herself be frightened that day.

"JIM! Jim! It's all my fault! Why, yours was a billet in a thousand! Jim, I won't have it! Why, it'll ruin you and your career! No, I'll go back—tell them—"

It was three days later and Clare clung to Jim's shoulder, sobbing her heart out. The curt note of her own dismissal, with a week's wages enclosed, lay, in a crumpled envelope, on the table . . . But she did not care about it. It was Jim's equally abrupt and inexplicable dismissal that lay, a burden of lead, on her heart.

"It shan't ruin anything, honey! They always change . . . I'll get something else—sure enough. So, don't worry. And, now tell me, what happened to you?"

His grey eyes searched her face. Quickly she turned away her head. Dried her cheeks.

"Dissatisfied with me," she mumbled. But Jim shook his head stubbornly.

"Try again. Why, they gave you a raise last week! These things don't happen."

Her cheeks grew hot.

"I shall tell you—all about it—after—after—" She faltered.

"A promise?"

"A sure promise, Jim."

ABOUT a hundred dollars in his pocket and less than thirty in hers, they were married. In the train, all by themselves in the compartment, Jim said:

"No need to tell me much, honey! Rex Sommers did it because you wouldn't have him. Did it in his father's absence, too."

Clare stared at him:

"Who—who told you?"

Jim laughed.

"Why the whole store rang with it when old Sommers got back! Rex was a fool! Now, guess what's happened? The old man told his son he'd cut him off without a cent if he dared think again about marrying a Catholic. And he's sent Rex Sommers to do a bit of work in a store of theirs, out west."

Little Flower and Other Rings

• Black onyx, sterling silver Little Flower
• Gold plated, Belcher style Little Flower
• Black onyx, sterling silver St. Anthony
• Gold plated, Belcher style St. Anthony
• Black onyx, sterling silver Sacred Heart
• Gold plated, Belcher style Sacred Heart

Wear always your favored Saint. Nos. 1, 2 and 5 ■ ladies' rings only. Simply request ring desired, send card for size, then give postman \$1.99 upon delivery, two for \$3.57, three for \$5.07.

THE HALAS CO., Inc., Dept. T-36
■ 56, Hamilton Grange Sta., NEW YORK, ■ Y.



FREE TO ANY CATHOLIC

Sending name and address, we will mail this guaranteed Silver Oxidized finish Miraculous Ring with modeled raised figure of the Blessed Virgin **Absolutely Free**, without one cent of expense to you.

DALE MFG. CO. Dept. A-37 PROVIDENCE, ■ I

"Oh," gasped Clare.

Jim went on:

"He said he'd be quite game to take us both back, but I wouldn't have any of it, Clare! I've got another job coming on. And now for Richmond."

When, at long last, they stood, their arms sprawled against the old brick wall and the hushed fragrance of the rose garden came towards them and the silent evening was all around them, Clare whispered:

"Why, I've dreamt about this every evening these two years."

"You're all Irish, Clare," laughed Jim.

Thanks Be To God

Pittsburg, Calif.—Will you kindly publish in THE FAR EAST favors received through the intercession of St. Joseph?

Covington, Ky.—I kindly ask you to publish thanksgiving in honor of the Little Flower for the freedom of the two missionaries, Father Laffan and Father Linehan.

New York, N. Y.—I am enclosing an offering for Masses to be said for the Poor Souls in honor of the Blessed Virgin for a favor received. Kindly publish.

York, Pa.—The enclosed is an offering for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Little Flower and St. Anthony for a great favor received. Please publish.

Toledo, Ohio.—I am enclosing an offering for two Masses for favors received. I want this to be published in THE FAR EAST.

Greenfield, Mass.—I am a nurse and about five weeks ago I was out of work and promised to send a donation to your Society if I received a good case. I did and have been on the same case for the past five weeks. My donation is enclosed.



Eucharistic Congress

Pilgrimage to Ireland, June 1932

Sponsored by St. Columbans

Under the Patronage and Personal Leadership of

His Grace Most Reverend

Francis J. Beckman D.D.

Archbishop of Dubuque

"Ireland Expects
100,000 U. S. Tourists
in 1932."

—N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

LATEST Dublin dispatches state that the city will have a quarter of a million Congress visitors from all the countries overseas, while the huge contingents from the Irish Provinces will bring the total figure to the million mark.

Manifestly it is of First Importance to Secure Accommodation in Advance.

ST. COLUMBAN'S PILGRIMAGE SOLVES YOUR PROBLEM.

We have chartered the S. S. "Republic" to take our party direct from NEW YORK to DUBLIN BAY. It will be our HOTEL during the Congress.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW—You may find it impossible to get accommodation later on.

Write to us! We will gladly send you, without obligation, Schedules and Rates for the ROUND TRIP, and for specially arranged Post-Congress European Tours.

Cut Out and Mail This Coupon

Eucharistic Congress Travel Bureau,
St. Columbans, Nebr.

Dear Father:

I am anxious to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, June, 1932. Please send me Schedules and Rates for your Pilgrimage.

Name.....

Address.....



Check X in square if interested in European Extension Tours.

(The details of transport and arrangement for trips locally in Ireland, and tours throughout Europe after the Congress will be directed by the well-known world travel agency THOMAS COOK and SON.)

Hints for the Home



Health Hints

By M. D.

THE "Chest Cold"

What's the best home-remedy for an "acute cold in the chest"?

Undoubtedly a mustard-plaster, efficiently applied.

How does one give it correctly? (1) The room must be adequately heated—a minimum of 70° for young infants. (2) The mustard and flour must be blended with boiling water. (3) The cloths on which the mixture is spread thoroughly heated. This is conveniently done by laying them on a boiling-hot rubber hot-bottle while spreading the mixture. (A damp clammy poultice is worse than useless). (4) A thin film of vaseline is spread over the area to be covered. This prevents blistering of sensitive skins.

APPLICATION

The plaster is carried, still resting on its hot-bottle, to the patient and is applied momentarily to the vaseline-coated skin, till the heat is unbearable. It is then lifted a moment and re-applied for ■ slightly longer duration. This is repeated until full contact with the chest wall can be maintained. A towel is now placed on the plaster and then the hot-bottle placed on the towel for some fifteen minutes. This will produce an even intense redness and is the end to be desired. The plaster may be raised now and then to make sure that blistering does not occur.

HOW Much?

The proportions of mustard and flour vary with age. An infant of five or six months can stand one tablespoonful of mustard to eight tablespoonfuls of flour. At four years one in six may be used. An adult can have one to one of flour. If in doubt as to the proportions, call your doctor.

Powdered mustard should be used. Both front and back of the chest should be treated separately. An old sugar or flour bag makes a suitable cloth.

Do not use mustard-plasters in tuberculosis.

Several proprietary remedies have their advocates.

However, whether it be camphor-oil, liniment, embrocation, none can give the efficient counter-irritation of a well-prepared mustard-plaster.

Simple Foods made more Attractive

Ham Toasties

Put small pieces of ham in a food chopper and grind fine. Slice bread quite thin. Butter and spread with chopped ham, then cover with thin slices of cheese. Put another slice of bread on top, and toast over hot fire. The cheese will melt and cement the two slices together, so they are easily turned.

Marshmallow Dainties

On slices of bread or wafers put a layer of preserves, topped with marshmallow (use green marshmallows for your St. Patrick's Day tea.) Place in oven until marshmallows puff and brown a little. Take from oven and serve. A bit of whipped cream may be used after having removed wafer from oven.

Jam and Peanut Butter Sandwiches

Peanut Butter
Strawberry Jam
Sweet green pepper
White bread
Sweet red pepper

Cream peanut butter. Spread on thin slices whole wheat bread. Add ■ thin layer of strawberry or other jam and cover with slices of buttered bread. Press together, trim and cut in desired shapes. Cream cheese which has been thoroughly creamed may be used instead of the peanut butter.

Salad Combinations

Mayonnaise or cooked dressing may be used with the following combination:

1. 1 cup apples (red, leave skins on apples.)
½ cup celery, ½ cup raisins.
2. Bananas rolled in chopped nuts. Garnish with canned cherries from which juice has been drained.
3. Canned pears, cut in halves, shredded almonds. Place almonds in the pears like quills in ■ porcupine. Serve on lettuce one for each person. Canned pears may be colored pink by boiling in a syrup made red with red cinnamon drops.
4. 2 cups salmon
3-6 sour pickles
1 cup celery cut fine
1/3 cup nut meats.
5. Cooked asparagus, slipped in rings of green pepper garnished with strips of pimento.
6. 1 cup cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons nut meats, 2 tablespoons stuffed olives chopped or green peppers.
7. ½ cup diced pineapples
1 orange
1 banana
½ cup Malaga grapes.
8. 1 cup string beans, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 pimento cut in strips.
9. 1 cup pineapple diced
3 oranges diced
1 cup marshmallows cut in fourths
¼ cup nut meats.

Marshmallows of various colors and flavors are now obtainable and add greatly to the salad.

10. Rings of pineapple spread with pimento cheese. Garnish with almonds and white grapes, (seeded and halved). Serve dressing either underneath the pineapples or on the side.
11. Raw shredded cabbage (have very crisp) pineapple or banana. Mayonnaise dressing.
12. Orange and Date. Divide orange into sections, removing as much of white membrane as possible. Halve the dates lengthwise, removing seed. Alternate orange and dates in form of circle on lettuce leaf. Serve with boiled dressing.

The Lowly Sandwich

Squirrel Sandwiches

1 cup raw carrots }
¾ cups peanuts } put through food chopper.

Mix above with the following dressing: Yolks 2 eggs, juice 1 lemon, ¼ teaspoon mustard, ¼ teaspoon salt. Cook in double boiler until thick. When cool add ½ pint whipping cream, whipped stiff. Spread between thin slices of bread.

Just ■ Good Egg

Fluffy Omelet

6 egg whites
6 egg yolks
6 tablespoons milk or water
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper or paprika
1½ tablespoons fat.

Beat egg-yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add seasoning and milk or water. Beat egg whites with a wire whisk beater until stiff. Fold the egg yolk mixture carefully into the whites. Melt fat in an omelet pan or frying pan; being sure to grease the sides. Pour in the omelet and spread evenly. Cook slowly until the omelet is a golden brown on the bottom. Place under the flame in a broiler or gas oven, or in the oven until the top is slightly browned and dry. Loosen, fold, and turn on a hot platter. Garnish with parsley or green pepper.

Egg in ■ Nest

1 slice bread
1 egg
1 teaspoon butter
salt and pepper

Toast bread lightly and butter. Separate egg. Beat white stiff and form into a nest on buttered toast. Season. Drop yolk into center. Brown lightly in oven.

Southern Eggs.

1 cup tomato soup
1 cup bread crumbs (stale)
½ cup cooked peas or any left-over vegetable
½ teaspoon salt
1 small onion
½ cup cold water

Pour mixture into greased baking dishes or ramekins. Break egg on top, cover with pepper or paprika and grated cheese. Bake until eggs are set.

Stitches and Styles



Jacket Frocks

MY DEAR SISTER:

It is interesting to watch the growth of a new fashion idea, from the time it is first introduced until it becomes an everyday part of the average woman's wardrobe. This spring season, we are witnessing the climax of the growth of a very popular style—the jacket costume, which has been gaining in favor steadily for a couple of years, until now, practically any type of dress might well have its little accompanying jacket. Because it is one of those styles that has been developing for a long time, there is nothing startlingly new about it, and by the same token, there is nothing freakish or sensational about it either, so it is a thing that sensible women will find it wise to adopt.

THERE are, of course, many varieties of jacket frocks, but there are two important divisions, the two and the three piece outfits. The former consists of a one-piece dress with a matching or contrasting coat, and the second, of the usual combination of coat, skirt and blouse, the blouse generally of a different color and material than the coat and skirt. This type of costume has a youthful appeal, but for practical purposes, the dress-and-coat combination is to be preferred.

HERE again, there is room for wide variety. One may have a dress with short sleeves, long sleeves, or no sleeves at all, to be worn under a long sleeved coat. In this case, the short sleeved or sleeveless dress is generally preferred, especially for spring and summer wear, since the coat is usually worn at the same time, and most women do not care for the warmth and bulkiness of the double sleeve. If there is a short sleeve in the dress, and a long one in the coat, the costume serves its double purpose most admirably; it is neat and tailored looking for street wear when the coat is worn, and comfortable and yet modest when the dress appears alone.

SOMETIMES, for variety, there are short sleeved or sleeveless jackets in these costumes. A long sleeved dress—with some dainty frilliness near the



wrist—looks extremely smart when the little jacket, which may be nothing more than the briefest bolero, has elbow length sleeves and is made up in a different color than the dress. Or, a jumper effect may be achieved by posing a sleeveless jacket over a long sleeved dress.

WHILE the sleeves come in for the greatest share of attention in the business of introducing variety into jacket costumes, the length of the coats is interesting too. That of hip length, obviously, should be of the type that is worn on the street only; a shorter one, cut like a bolero, or fit-

Letters to Polly, No. 39

DEAR POLLY: Your friend has left the Church merely because she prefers self-indulgence to self-control. The Catholic teaching she rejects wouldn't disturb her faith if it didn't disturb her comfort.

Our crucified King has made it clear that every one of His followers must carry the cross. We admit all that—and then feel aggrieved if we are not exempted. (He, suffering for us, would not exempt Himself.) Some finally submit, after hurtful murmuring. Others quit, blaming the priest, the Church, their surroundings, everything but their self-love.

Ask your friend: "If this teaching could be practiced painlessly, would you accept it?" Her conscience will answer "Yes," whatever her lips say.

We're all tempted by this dishonest self-love. Resist it, Polly, and pray that I may. A fine way to resist is to make a good Lent.

UNCLE BILLY.

ted at the waist and flaring into a little peplum, is so much a part of the dress that it may be worn all the time. The suit idea is further emphasized in some of the dresses by the use of a plastron front of dainty lace or organdie, which gives the effect of a contrasting blouse without the disadvantages, from the standpoint of comfort and fit, of the three piece suit.

Remember, anyway, that it's a jacket season, and don't let it get by without having at least one dress of this type on your active list.

Your loving sister,
MARION.

Attractive Models



7094 **A Stylish Coat Model.** This is an excellent style for coat materials now in vogue. Smooth faced cloth, novelty cloakings, velours, velvet and other pile fabrics or fur fabrics. Designed in 5 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, it will require 3½ yards of 54 inch material for a 38 inch size. Collar and cuffs of fur will require 2-1/3 yards 7½ inches wide. For collar and its lining, and for facing on cuffs of fur cloth or other contrasting material will require 2/3 yard 54 inches wide, cut crosswise. To line the coat will require 4-1/6 yards 35 inches wide.

6387 **An Attractive Suit for Small Boy.** Vest portions finished with pointed lower edges, are outlined by jacket portions, finished with convenient pockets. A coat sleeve and round collar complete the upper portion of this style. Cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 1-5/8 yard of 54 inch material with ¾ yard of contrasting for collar and vest portions.

These patterns will be mailed to you for 15¢ each. Address: Home Department, THE FAN East, St. Columbans, Nebr. Give size.



Your Difficulties Solved

Send your question to THE FAR EAST, St. Columbans, Nebr. It will be answered in this department.

Non-Catholics are cordially invited to send questions.

Money Matters

... Was that wrong and should I give him the amount of the discount?

A NEW SUBSCRIBER, NEBR.

THE transaction does not seem to have been very fair dealing, especially from the viewpoint of the company selling to you. Circumstances may have made it all right, however. Better consult your confessor, to whom you can give more detailed information.

Relying to your second question, we advise you to decide as best you can the approximate amount of your debt and pay it, no matter whether the cashier has forgotten about it or not.

* * *

Becoming a Saint

Please tell me if it is true that it is next to impossible for anyone to be a saint these days?

READER, LA.

IT isn't true. It is utterly false. "This is the will of God, your sanctification" (I Thess., IV, 3). Your sanctification means your becoming a saint. God always gives us sufficient grace (and often far more than sufficient) to do His will. Everyone who reaches heaven is a saint. It would be a very ugly heresy to hold that it is next to impossible to reach heaven.

Perhaps you'll say: "Oh, I didn't mean a saint in that wide sense. I meant a canonized saint." Not everybody is called to be a canonized saint. But our modern times seem to be producing a goodly number of the canonized kind, too. St. Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower, died only thirty-four years ago. Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat died in 1865. Then think of Blessed Théophane Venard, martyred in 1861, of Blessed Peter Julian Eymard, who died in 1868, of Blessed Bernadette, who died in 1879, of the native martyrs of Uganda who gave their lives for God in 1886, of Blessed Don Bosco with whom the present Pope once spoke. These are all pretty recent, aren't they? Remember, too, that it takes time to complete the careful processes of beatification and canonization. Don't expect to see the Church canonizing a man who is only a year dead. At present she is exam-

ining the causes of many people who are really of our own period, from the 2,005 Chinese believed to have died for the Faith in 1900 to Margaret Sinclair, who died within the last few years.

No, in spite of the new paganism which is spreading so much corruption, there are many souls attaining high sanctity in these our times. How could it be otherwise, considering that we have daily Communion, lay retreats, multiplied opportunities for following priestly and religious vocation, widespread participation in mission work, and numerous openings for devoted service of Christ's poor? These are all graces that make holiness more easily attainable.

* * *

Mass for Non-Catholics

Cannot a Mass be said expressly for a non-Catholic, deceased?

M. A. C., P.A.

THE Mass is an official act of the Church. It can be offered for the conversion of anyone who is outside the Church, since the conversion of souls is an end for which the Church exists. Apart from that, one should belong to the Church to have the special fruits of the Mass applied for one's benefit. Otherwise the Church would be recognizing as members people who

Requiescant in Pace

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Mrs. A. Dangel, Mrs. Ida G. Black, Mrs. E. Schneiderbernd, Mrs. Mary M. Linden, Mrs. Chas. Winkler, Mrs. E. Vierling, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. E. Garland, Mrs. Annie Robinson, Ellen O'Gorman, Elizabeth Vogelsand, Elizabeth Kerwin, Marcella Allingham, James E. Butler, Thomas F. O'Brien, Mr. Bittighafer, Patrick H. Meyers, Bryan Kane, Edward McHenry, Cornelius Curtin, Cornelius Collins, Edward McHenry, Patrick Cosgriff, Sarah Cosgriff, J. McNally,

and all the deceased members and benefactors of the Chinese Mission Society.

May their souls, and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

AMEN.

deliberately choose not to be members.

But there are many good Christians who are outside the Church. Because of their sincerity they belong in spirit to the Church. Inculpable ignorance is all that keeps them outside. They are Catholics in will and don't know it. The Church recognizes this and therefore Mass can be offered for such as these. In case of doubt they are given the benefit of the doubt.

Consequently, Mass can be offered for a deceased non-Catholic, if there is a probability that he died a Christian, with perfect contrition for his sins, which would imply a willingness to belong to the true Church. All Christians are Catholics in the next world and if they have died in the state of grace, they are reached in Purgatory by the prayers of their loving Mother the Church, from whom so many of them, alas, lived estranged while on earth.

But lest the public misunderstand all this (and the public can misunderstand things), Mass may be offered only privately for non-Catholics. The Church does not want charity, which is Christlike, to be misunderstood for indifferentism, which is quite un-Christlike.

* * *

Keeping Vocation Secret

Why is it that if anyone has a vocation for the religious life, his confessor will tell him not to let anybody know it? I am speaking from my own experience.

A NUN-TO-BE, LA.

YOUR confessor has his own good reasons. He may want, for instance, to save you from embarrassment or perhaps to keep you from becoming vain. When the neighbors hear of a vocation in a parish, they are liable to smother the boy or girl with anything from well-meant but premature admiration down to harmful advice not to take the step. Wait until you are ready to go before you tell the public about your holy privilege.

* * *

Chain Prayer

I have received a chain prayer . . .

B. B.

Burn it. It's mere superstition.

Your Best Friend

Don't Fail to Read the Final Chapter of a Little Missionary Story Which Colum Began in Last Month's FAR EAST

HELLO FOLKS!

Put on your thinking caps and see if you can repeat the story I told you in last month's FAR EAST.

It was all about heaven and the price you have to pay for it. Remember? 'Course you do.

The price of heaven is sacrifice, isn't it? And we should all be ready to make little acts of sacrifice all the time—and more so during Lent.

So far so good. And now, at this point of the story Colum can see a dozen Little Missionaries all perked up, ready to explode with a dozen different ideas.

This is how they go.

Number 1. "Colum, why do we have to buy heaven with sacrifice? 'S awful hard to be good all the time."



Five Little Steps of Stairs
I want you to meet the Elbert Little Missionaries from Whittemore, Ia.

Number 2. "It hurts like everything to pass up candy during Lent when a silly little tike pokes it right up at you where you can get the whiff of it and it makes your teeth run."

Number 3. "I'd just love to make sacrifices for the missions, but shucks! that isn't half as easy as it looks."

NOW listen, pals, maybe you are starting to do things from the wrong end. It is that that makes your Lenten sacrifices so hard. Everything is easy when you start from the end that begins with God's love for you.

NOW, fairly and squarely, did anyone ever do for you what Jesus Christ did? Anyone who suffered for you so much? Anyone who loves you so? Not one. Our dear Lord on the Cross is the best comrade you have, your kindest of friends.

"Colum, you are awfully serious this month. What's wrong? Got a pain or something?"

How did you ever guess it? Yes, it is a pain—a heartache.

It makes me blue when I think of so many folks who haven't got a cent's worth of sense.

JUST look at Mr. Blah, the non-stop Jibber-jabber who talks like a victrola and says nothing. And this little gentleman has two cousins. Names: Miss Bunkum and Miss Bluffer. The whole three are birds of a feather, with all feather and no weight. Honest, I don't think that anyone of the three has intelligence enough to get the right slant on a Bunny Cottontail's tail. God gave them heads, but they carry their brains in their feet.

Mission Stars.....

I'm crazy about heroes, aren't you? I mean the right kind of heroes who can do daring deeds and not give two cents about fame or the front page of a newspaper.

Such are the heroes of God in the foreign mission field today. Their lives are chock-full of danger—real danger, too, where it is often a question of life or death.

Yet these brave soldiers of Christ remain at their posts, unafraid. And their motives are the highest on earth—the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Don't you want to share in this gallant fight for the faith? Saint Thérèse tells you how:

"Beyond all doubt it is by prayer and sacrifice we can best help our missionaries."

Won't you give God's missionaries the best you have during the holy season of Lent? It is only right that you should.



New Arrivals from New Orleans—Raymond Dehon with his three brothers and sister

I DO hope I have no Blahs or Bunks or Bluffers amongst my Little Missionaries. They'd be junk on my hands. I couldn't use them. Tell these folks that they ought to do something hard for Lent and they'll laugh their heads off. (Not that their heads would make much difference. Heads on or off they can think about the same). Send them a Jackie Mitebox and he gets a hot time in the furnace. Write to them about Jackie and you get no reply.

These folks aren't interested in prayers for the missions or our LITTLE MISSIONARY BURSE. They have no time for anything outside themselves and what they like to call a "good time." I'm sorry for them, and I bet you are, too.

STURDY, honest-to-goodness Little Missionaries have an entirely different slant on things. They want to love God. They like what God likes, and to show Him how much, they are ready to do lots of hard things to prove they are sincere.

The Little Flower of Jesus says that love is everything, that it lives by sacrifice and longs for suffering.

There's your cue for Lent, pals.

When you love God you won't mind helping poor pagans save their souls. You'll pray for them, too. You'll save your pennies to give them more priests. That, by the way, is what our LITTLE MISSIONARY BURSE is for—the making of priests who will go to China to bring God's sweet love to pagans.

AND so, pals, you'll go to daily Mass during Lent, you'll quit candy, stay home from shows—not for me, but for our dear Lord. It would be plumb silly to make sacrifices for the missions because Colum wanted you to. Make them because you want to please the Sacred Heart. That's the only motive that's worth anything, and that, you'll have to admit, is sure a dandy motive.

COLUM has lots of miteboxes to go around. Let me introduce you to Jackie if you haven't had the pleasure of meeting him already. You'll like the little tike and I'm sure he'll like you—if you treat him right.

Lots of love from your missionary friend,

Colum

Winners in January Contest

Mary Kelly, R. I., Dolores Conaway, Ia., Bernice Vanderheiden, Nebr.

Please note: Prizes are not awarded until the end of each month at which time (not before) all contributions will be acknowledged. Win or lose, you'll receive a Colum letter.

Claire McHale, N. Y.

I haven't any brothers, Colum, so you see we haven't a chance of having a priest in the family. The nearest we can come is to help some other boy, and that's just what we're going to do.

There's another reason, folks, for saving for our LITTLE MISSIONARY BURSE during Lent.

To Colum, St. Columbans, Nebr.

PLEASE send me a Lenten Jackie Mitebox. I want to save my quota of pennies for your Little Missionary BURSE

City..... Street.....

Name.....

State.....

Mail Today

Cecilia Kennedy, Buffalo

This is what happened when I got your letter. I said to mom: "Say, mom, what's that you got?" She said: "It's a letter from Colum." Right there I nearly jumped out of my shoes when she mentioned the name "Colum." Gee! Colum, yours was the swellest letter I ever got.

Well, it's this way, Cecilia: A jar of honey catches more missionary flies than a barrel of vinegar.



A Get-Together for a Palatable Feast of FAR EAST Facts and Fun

Doris Walsh, Conn.

I bet you a dollar, Colum, that you're a priest, and you're lucky that you don't have to go to school.

And I guess Sister is lucky, too.

* * *

John Rusnoski, Jamesburg

Is your real name Father McCarthy? I'll bet you a rusty collar button that it is.

You lose. Polish up that button, John, and let me have it as a spare.

* * *

Rita Ann Gertrude O'Connell, Conn.

I'm positive you're a priest. Sisters could never use such slang as you do.

Jiminy Crickers! I don't use slang, do I?

* * *

It's a Fact

Paul McNamara, Wilmington, distributes 104 copies of THE FAR EAST each month. That is a splendid record for one boy. It is a conspicuous feather in Paul's missionary cap, and incidentally, a remarkable tribute to the missionary enthusiasm of the school to which Paul belongs.

* * *

Theresa Cicerale, N. J.

Why don't you answer my letter, Colum? I should really be mad at you, but let's forget it for this time.

Why forget it, Theresa! G-r-r! Don't you want a scrap so we can be better friends later?



Raymond Dehon, New Orleans

I filled my mitebox in two evenings and got \$5.35, Colum.

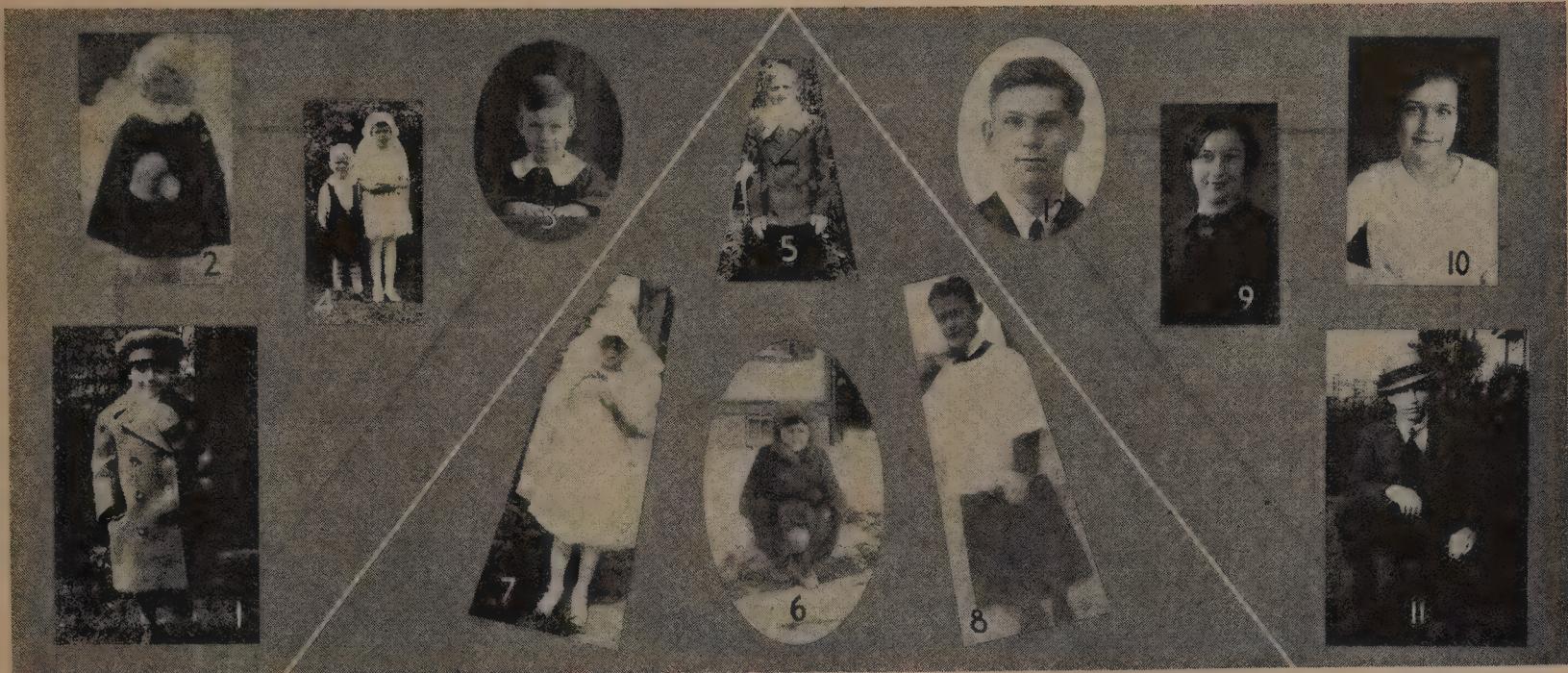
You work like a cyclone, Raymond. God bless you, my boy!

* * *

A Distinguished Gathering

Hugh McDonald, New York City, writes:

I have had the great privilege, Colum, of being an altar boy at the Student Mission League's Mass. His Eminence Cardinal Hayes was present. Also Honorable Alfred E. Smith, Judge Talley and Sir George McDonald.



Colum's Little Missionaries Come in Three Sizes—Small, Medium and Large

Small Size: 1. Danny Steiner, Pa.; 2. Dorothy Trimm, Buffalo; 3. John Tiedman, Ia.; 4. Joseph and Margaret Wright, Ohio. **Medium Size:** 5. Richard Diekneit, N. J.; 6. Mary Malone, N. J.; 7. Lucille Main, N. Y.; 8. George Mochen, N. J. **Large Size:** 9. Cecilia Heinz, Wis.; 10. Leocadia Roszczewski, N. J.; 11. Charles Mumman, N. J.; 12. Anthony Wolf, N. J.

Phyllis E. Clark, N. J.

Sisters have a radio, Colum, so if you want to get in touch with them, just tune in on Station SMS.

You mean the Sisters broadcast, Phyllis—I don't believe it.

* * *

John Ertter, Washington

I'm sending you a picture of Padraig Colum, the great Irishman. I'm quite interested to know if this is you, Colum.

Not guilty.

* * *

Anna Cassioppi, New Orleans

I'm 13 years old, Colum. I have curly hair, blue eyes and I'm 7 feet tall.

Honor bright, Anna, you are the first "high-brow" I have ever fallen for.

* * *

Rags, Bottles, Sacks

I heard a rag-bottle-sack man go by, and right then I began to look for rags and bottles. It was a hard battle to get fifty cents out of the fellow, but I won, and here's \$1.00 for your MISSIONARY BURSE.—J. C., CAL.

* * *

"The Gang," Freehold

Mother promised to buy her little Beckers a Chinese baby, but got only one vote. Joey thought the Chinaman could iron the shirts when he grew up, but the rest voted for lollipops. (\$1.00 enclosed).

I'm for Joey, so that's two votes against lollipops. Any more?

Gertrude Hoernig, Lockport

Say, Colum, I want to put you through the Third Degree. Are you Swede, Irish, French, English, Norwegian, Eskimo, Jewish—?

Please stop, Gertrude! This is an orderly assembly and most unlike the League of Nations.

* * *

Norine Ryan, Buffalo

Listen, Colum, I'm going to put secret service men on your trail. Beware! We'll get you.

Oh no, you won't, Norine.



California's Sunny Smiles

*Introducing Jimmy and Betty Collins,
San Francisco*

Daniel Flanagan, Mass.

You know, Colum, I want to be a priest. I'm 11 years old and an altar boy at Holy Name Church.

My distinguished colleague, Nanky Poo, has a lilting song that matches your letter to a T. Here it is, Dan: *He'd be a wild cowboy—he said so at least;*

Now he talks of big work in the far foreign East:

And to "what will you be Dan?" he whispers, "A pr—!"

Shucks, Our Dan.

* * *

Albert Cepon, Ill.

I'm staying home from school today. I had a tooth pulled and was pretty sick. I feel lots better now.

I guess it was about 11:30 a. m., Albert, when you wrote your letter to Colum.

* * *

Tom Moore, Mass.

I have a cherry tree, Colum, and a plum tree and an apple tree. I'm going to send you the first apple, the first plum and the last cherry.

Got any prunes, Tom? I could use a few as Easter Greetings.

* * *

Eighth Grade Girls, St. Rose's School

We are sending you the contents of Jackie Mitebox. We just want to get ahead of the boys in something, so we're hurrying our 100 pennies along to you for your LITTLE MISSIONARY BURSE.

If I was a boy I'd work my head off to get ahead of the girls next time.



A Loyal Columite

Her name is Josephine Dombrowski, but we bet she's Irish on March 17

Mary Wisniewska, N. J.

If you think my poems are sensible, Colum, please put them in THE FAR EAST.

Ps-s! Let me whisper you something, Mary. The Editor wanted to put your poems with The Trail of Smiles.

Paul O'Toole, Munhall

Every Catholic family should subscribe for THE FAR EAST. It would do them lots of good. It's a wonderful magazine.

This is only one of the many letters that came from Munhall, deliciously coated with dainty morsels of praise for THE FAR EAST Editor.

* * *

Margaret McMullen, Buffalo

How's the boy? It's too bad that a poor fellow like you has such a heavy burden on his shoulders—so many financial worries. Listen here, Colum, you can just throw some of your troubles over on me.

One, two, three! Catch!

* * *

Patricia O'Connell, Conn.

If you're a missionary, Colum, please pray for an intenshon of mine. I do not no how to spell the word but you may no what it means.

I'll look it up in the "dickshunery," Patricia, and find out.

* * *

Margaret White, Trenton

I have never written to you before, Colum. I have a pet dog named Pal and when I come home after school we both play together and have lots of fun.

I wonder what's the train fare from here to Trenton!

Little Missionaries

Offer ■ Gift of 3 Million Prayers for St. Columban's Missions in China

Masses Offered.....	7
Masses Heard	18,532
Holy Communions ...	13,210
Visits to S. S.....	39,782
Stations of the Cross..	5,564
Rosaries	18,956
Benedictions	2,804
Thirty Days Prayer...	630
Prayers	130,789
Aspirations	2,185,936
Self Denials.....	14,152
Special Devotions.....	546,267

Total 2,976,629

Join the Little Missionary Crusade of Prayer for the conversion of China. Send for your spiritual bouquet card today.

Address:
Colum, St. Columban's, Nebr.

Little Missionaries, St. Bartholomew's School

We hope to get our fourth little Chinklet by St. Valentine's Day. If you'll tell us your real name, Colum, we would surely call him after you.

Try the pure and unadulterated "Colum" on your Chinklet, and if he fails to answer the call, I'll see what I can do for you by way of substitution.

* * *

Patrick Brogan, N. Y.

Hello, Colum! I have a little gift for you. My father hasn't been working for four years, but just the same it didn't hurt to save something for the poor Chinese missionaries.

Patrick, you're a swell pal to have.

* * *

Robert S. Lynch, Ill.

Hey, what's the matter? I kind of had an idea that a desert opened up and swallowed you.

Well, what if it did, Robert? Lots of deserts need oases to give them color.

* * *

Rita Debany, Brooklyn

You will be very sorry to hear about my little brother, aged 12. He died some time ago. He was always a wonderful little fellow and used to pray that some day he might be a priest and go to China to save souls for God.

I like to think, Rita, that your darling brother is even now saving souls from heaven.

Colum's Bulletin Board

Gold Medal Essay Contest

Open to

Seventh and Eighth Grade Little Missionaries

Subject

THE VOCATION I WISH TO FOLLOW

Prizes

First Prize:

Gold Medal—special design with name of winner engraved on the reverse side.

Second Prize:

Silver Medal.
Beautiful design.
Also Book Prize for winner of second place.

AS MANY as five other prizes will be awarded to deserving contributors whose essays are of special merit.

Hints to Contributors

1. Essays should not be less than 250 words or more than 500.
2. Give reasons why you choose one vocation and not another.
3. If you select ■ religious vocation, say whether you wish to be a priest or a sister on the home or foreign missions.

Prizes will be awarded on March 28.
Let's have your contribution before that date.

Address: Colum, St. Columban's, Nebr.

Cracks, Wise and Otherwise

Including Cracks in Lenten Resolutions

WHY is Jackie Mitebox like a baker?

Because they both knead the dough.

* * *

"The airman has flew," said the boy.

"Such bad grammar!" exclaimed his aunt.

"Well, that's what the doctor said, anyhow," maintained her small nephew.

* * *

Don't try to be too much of a he-man. You may only make yourself a ha-ha man.

* * *

The high school girl who smokes isn't likely to set the world on fire later on.

* * *

"What kind of business is that man in? He says he has a lot of striking merchandise."

"Quite right. He sells clocks."

* * *

What's the difference between a lady and a gentleman, both well over fifty?

Well, the lady powders, and the man puffs.

* * *

What's the difference between Lent well kept and Lent ignored?

There's such a difference that it's no joke. It's a tragic loss.

* * *

TAKE a peep at those Lenten resolutions of yours. Is there a tiny crack running down the center of that one? And look at the chip knocked out of the other one! And suffering soup-plates, look at those splinters! What kind of a drop did that poor resolution get?

But see—look at that lovely thing, glowing, golden, gorgeous. What is it?

Oh, that's a Lenten resolution that

has been kept unbroken. Every day makes it more beautiful.

* * *

Listen folks, who have broken resolutions, Lenten or otherwise. Gather up the pieces. Ask yourself how it happened, so that you won't slip on that same banana skin again. And now do a little mending.

In a wee tube of Prayer, you'll find the grand mending preparation called the Grace of God. It never fails. And



"What are you doing for Lent?"

One of the mites cared for by the Sisters of St. Columban, Hanyang

it's right at your hand, if you'll only use it.

* * *

For St. Patrick's Day, here's a little Pudsy Kelly episode:

* The Man from County Clare *

T WAS there when Pudsy Kelly made the rescue at the pool;

I was there when little Mollie won the spelling bee at school; But I never do remember such excitement in the air

As when Pudsy Kelly's grandpa met the man from County Clare.

Pudsy Kelly's grandpa, he was in the civil war, And he's full of thrilling stories that we're always asking for; He was wounded in some battle and stays sitting in his chair, But he danced an Irish jig to greet the man from County Clare.

He was sitting on the porch that day, just dozing in the sun, And up the stranger came to ask what way the buses run. When Grandpa Kelly heard him, he looked up and said: "I'd swear By your voice you're from the Old Sod and, like me, from County Clare!"

Boy, you never heard such laughing and you never saw such fun. They shook hands a half a dozen times and still they weren't done, And Grandpa Kelly shouted out: "Hey, Mollie, are you there? Here's a man called McNamara and he comes from County Clare!"

I heard the screen door slamming, as the two of them went in, And standing on the sidewalk, I could hear the talk and din. All the Kelly kids came running, all the neighbors got a scare, When Grandpa staged his welcome to the man from County Clare.

They were talking all together, young and old, and I could see Mr. Kelly making jokes and Mrs. Kelly making tea; Then Grandpa asked some question—and jumped, cheering, from his chair: He was sort of second cousin to the man from County Clare!

Then came talk of farms and neighbors, as relationship was claimed, Though 'twas sixty years since Grandpa heard those folks and places named: There was talk of people "dead and gone"—to every name a prayer, While we youngsters stood around and tried to picture far-off Clare.

Oh, Pudsy Kelly's grandpa has a bullet in his knee, And doctors have been warning him since Eighteen Sixty-three, But he danced, and sang, and made a speech, and still had breath to spare For cheering for the Old Sod and the man from County Clare!

NANKY Poo.



A TRAIL of SMILES



Auburn Stenog: "Why the deuce do I struggle with this piffing job?"

Blonde Ditto: "Don't be discouraged; think of the mighty oak. It was once a nut like you."

* * *

Speaking of Talkies

A young American couple, entertaining a prim and absent-minded maiden aunt, were considerably amused the other night with a revelation that was made in the course of the conversation. When someone mentioned speak-easies, the dear old lady brightened up and was suddenly all interest.

"Oh! Speak-easies, yes. I've always wanted to see one. Do you suppose we could go to one while I'm here? I understand," she continued, "they're so much better than the old silent movies."

* * *

Overpowered

"Electricity in the atmosphere affects your system," said the doctor.

"Yes," replied the patient, who had paid ten dollars for two visits; "there certainly are times when one feels overcharged."

* * *

Watch Your Stepfather

Man in Elevator: "Fourth floor, please."

Operator: "Here you are, son."

Man in Elevator: "How dare you call me son. You're not my father!"

Operator: "Well, I brought you up, didn't I?"

* * *

Hand-shakes for Bill

Foreman: "Now, then, Bill, what about carrying up some more bricks?"

Bill: "I ain't feelin' well, boss; I'm trembling all over."

Foreman: "All right, then, get busy with the sieve."

* * *

A Bonnie Parody

A University student, on the occasion for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry, including the words "analyse" and "anatomy."

He wrote:

*My analyse over the ocean,
My analyse over the sea;
Oh, who will go over the ocean
And bring back my anatomy?*

The Barber's Tonic

"Stop!" thundered the man in the barber's chair who was having his hair trimmed. "Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the barber, "but when I tell stories like that, the hair stands up on end, and makes it much easier to cut, sir."

* * *

Brand New Disease

"Has your grandfather any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling on a friendly visit.

"No," said Mrs. Tuggle, "he has 'rheumatiz' a good deal, and lumbago now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies."

* * *

Hole in One

A golfing medico was badly beaten on the links by one of his clients some thirty years his senior. The doctor was decidedly depressed.

"Cheer up," said his successful opponent, "remember, you'll win eventually. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," returned the doctor despondently, "it'll be your hole."

* * *

Fired!

Employer: "I'll admit that you can take down dictation perfectly but your spelling isn't any too good. You spell 'physical' with an 'f'."

Stenographer: "That isn't my fault, sir. The 'v' on my typewriter is broken."

* * *

Lots to Learn

Fussy Old Gentleman: "You're very young to be left in charge of a drug store; have you any diploma?"

Assistant: "No, sir, I'm afraid not, but we've got a preparation of our own that's just as good."

* * *

Remarkable Discovery

Professor: "You say you are engaged in some original researches. On what subject, may I ask?"

Undergraduate: "I'm trying to discover why the ink won't flow from the cheap fountain pen I had given me for Christmas unless I place it in an upright position in the pocket of a light fancy vest."

The young lawyer, retained by a farmer to bring an action against a railroad company for the loss of twenty-four hogs, did his best to impress the jury with the magnitude of the case.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen," he said, "twice the number in the jury box."

* * *

A Dingdong Story

Storekeeper: "This ten-cent piece doesn't ring good."

Tommy: "What do you want for a dime, a set of chimes?"

* * *

Mutual Understanding

Jones: "Excuse me, but every morning, on your way to the train, you walk across the lawn in front of my place."

Brown: "I know it isn't right. I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help it. I have only just time to catch the train, there's the lawn, and the temptation—and I'll be darned if I can resist it!"

Jones: "I know just how you feel. I'm that way myself. I've got a shotgun, and when I sit in my window and see you sprinting, it brings out my sporting instincts. I've stood it so far, but I can't answer for myself tomorrow morning."

* * *

Death Preferred

A woman walked into a large department store. The floor-walker, who was very bow-legged, asked her what he could do for her. She told him that she would like to look at some of the presents that were advertised in the morning's paper.

"Just walk this way, ma'am," said the floor-walker.

The woman watched his movements closely.

"No, sir," indignantly replied the old lady. "I'll die first."

* * *

Freezing Him Out

"Why are you raising the price of milk a penny?" asked the housewife, grimly.

"Well, you know," returned the milkman, "times are awful bad and . . ."

"Oh, I see," resumed the woman, not softening in manner, "the water is scarce, I guess, and it'll all be needed for making ice."

\$5,000
TO EDUCATE
STUDENTS
FOR THE
MISSION-
ARY
PRIEST-
HOOD

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ABURSE is an invested fund of \$5,000.00 (FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS), the annual interest on which is devoted to the education of a student for the PRIESTHOOD in PERPETUITY.



THE amount for the foundation of Burses for the Society of St. Columban has been fixed at \$5,000 by the Holy See.



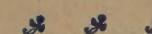
COMPLETE BURSES may be donated on the ANNUALITY PLAN. In this way the INTEREST on the foundation will be PAID TO the BENEFACTOR during his or her lifetime and thereafter it will be used for the education of a student for the priesthood.



FRENDS who cannot find a COMPLETE BURSE are earnestly invited to contribute as they wish, to one not yet completed. All donations are gratefully acknowledged.



BURSE FOUNDERS share in a special way in the Masses and prayers of PRIESTS ORDAINED THROUGH THEIR GENEROSITY. The priests of the Society of St. Columban celebrate 2500 Masses each year for Benefactors.



HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XI, graciously grants the Apostolic Benediction to all Benefactors.



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The Following Burses are incomplete and we earnestly invite our friends to contribute to them:

Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	\$2,089.00		
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Sacred Heart Burse.....	2,362.60		
L. W. Brindley.....	1.00	2,363.60	
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Anna O'Hara	1.00		
Marie Bruzati	1.00	695.97	
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse.....	384.00		
Mrs. Josephine Wise	5.00		
Joseph Lovatto	2.00	391.00	
Little Flower Burse.....	2,259.05		
Joseph Curran	1.00		
Mrs. John Quaid	1.00	2,261.05	
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Cecilia Kirby	5.00	1,964.18	
St. Ann's Burse		151.00	
St. Anthony's Burse	791.42		
Mary Baldwin	2.00	793.42	
St. Brigid's Burse		1,230.90	
St. Columban's Burse		1,130.00	
St. Eunan's Burse		1,083.50	
St. Joseph's Burse.....		1,554.45	
St. Madeline Sophie Barat Burse.....	330.00		
M. Clancy	1.00	331.00	
St. Patrick's Burse	1,189.81		
Sister M. Felicitas	3.00	1,192.81	
St. Rita's Burse		1,004.79	
St. Vincent de Paul's Burse.....		635.30	
Little Missionary Burse.....	284.39		
Various Contributions	79.58	363.97	

DONATIONS for Burses may be sent to:
VERY REV. E. J. McCARTHY, SUPERIOR,
ST. COLUMBANS, NEBR.



INCOME GUARANTEED *for* **LIFE!**

WILLIAM: "Anne, don't you think you ought to congratulate me on the judgment I displayed in the selection of a wife?"

ANNE: "Believe me, if it wasn't for the judgment I displayed in making you put your money in the ANNUITY PLAN, you might have a different tune for the parade today."

WILLIAM was a man who liked the Wearin' o' the Green. He always took part in the annual St. Patrick's Day parade. Anne was very proud of him when she pinned the shamrock on his lapel.

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